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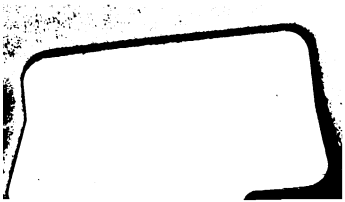
WIT AND HUMOR OF AMERICAN STATESMEN



Wit and Humor of American Statesmen

A COLLECTION FROM VARIOUS SOURCES CLASSIFIED UNDER APPROPRIATE SUBJECT HEADINGS

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Preface

If that man is blessed who causes two blades of grass to sprout where but one grew before, then surely those of our public men who, aside from their labors for the common weal, contribute to the gayety of nations are to be doubly commended. In this volume are garnered and classified some of the many bright sayings perpetrated on the stump, in legislature and primary, in the halls of Congress—enlivening many a prosy and protracted debate—or wherever men of opposite political creeds meet and make the sparks of wit fly and scintillate.

Probably in no other country does politics enter so largely and so intimately into the daily life of the people as in the United States, and nowhere else is the search-light of celebrity turned so relentlessly upon our public men, be they merely politicians or those who have graduated by sheer force of intellect into the higher rank of statesmen. Their clever sayings and pungent witticisms are chronicled and chuckled

over from the Lakes to the Gulf, from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande.

Consequently the hope may be ventured that a permanent collection of these good things may find a welcoming audience and evoke a reasonable amount of appreciative mirth.

Besides the witticisms of statesmen and politicians embraced in this volume, it has been thought well to include humorous sayings of farmers, negroes and others pertaining to politics; for not all the witty remarks and bright bits of repartee have originated in legislative halls or among our political leaders.

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Wit and Humor of American Statesmen

CHAPTER I

On the Stump

ONE of the strongest campaigners ever in the West was ex-Senator Saunders, of Montana. The Democrats were always predicting defeat for him, but Saunders would always bob up serenely on the night of election with enough votes to win; on one occasion, however, they really polled enough votes to defeat Saunders. There was a grand ratification meeting, with brass bands and bonfires, to celebrate the defeat of the hitherto invincible champion of Republicanism, and there was a hullabaloo that woke the echoes for miles around. Just as the speaking was under way who should happen along but Saunders himself. Immediately a number of Democrats surrounded him, and, as those things are done out West, urged him to make a speech to the crowd.

Saunders objected at first, but such strong persuasion was used that he ultimately yielded and climbed up on the platform. Of course the meeting went wild on seeing him, but as soon as he stepped forward and opened his lips a hush of respectful silence fell upon the assemblage.

"Fellow-citizens and Democrats," he began in a ringing voice, "this is not my time to ratify and celebrate. This entire occasion to me has a peculiar, funereal aspect. However, I must say to you Democrats you have been honest with me." A wave of applause swept over the assemblage. "Many of your leading men came to me during the campaign and prophesied my defeat. (Applause.) They said so sure was it that I had no chance of election that they could beat me with a yellow dog." (Applause, and several voices in the audience hurrahed.) Saunders paused until the noise subsided, and then added: "By the gods, they've done it!"

* * * * * *

There is such a thing as being too anxious, as witness the following remark:

"Yes," said the statesman, "I defeated myself by my own eloquence once."

"How was that?"

"I was a candidate for the nomination for Congress, and I got up and made a speech to the convention in which I just naturally flung Old Glory with a capital O and a capital G to the breeze in so enthusiastic a manner that I took the house by storm. I dilated on the greatness of our country and on the responsibilities of the man who should be called to make her laws, till one old fellow from a back county got up and said that I had convinced him that it was too big a job for so young a man as I was to tackle, so he moved that the convention nominate a man of more experience; and, by gee, they did it."

* * * * * *

"Up in Greene County, New York State," said a city politician, "where I used to go to pasture now and then, lived Jephtha Vining, who was one of the leading citizens up in the Hensonville neighborhood, and Jephtha was a yard wide and all Democrat. During the Cleveland-Harrison campaign of 1892 a fair was held at Cairo, the leading town, and I was there. One of the features of the show was to be a lot of oratorical talent on hand. The news of it had been scattered broadcast over the rural districts and there was a fine

turnout from every direction, Hensonville coming in force, and among her contingent was Vining. We were old friends, and, naturally enough, were glad to see each other. We talked about personal matters for a time, but the topic of absorbing interest was the meeting and we got to that as soon as we could.

"'We're going to have a big time to-day,' said I.

"'I guess we air,' admitted Jephtha.

"'Yes, and the speakers they have got are good enough for a national occasion.'

"'There's only one that I keer pertickeler to hear,' said Jephtha, 'and I've clean fergot his name.'

"'Is it Colonel Danforth?' I inquired.

"'No, that don't seem to be it,' said Jephtha, rubbing his chin.

"'Is it Judge O'Gorman?'

"'No, it ain't him.'

"'Maybe it is Captain Conners of Mount Vernon; he's a rattler.'

"Jephtha shook his head.

"'Seems like I ought to know,' he said, 'but I can't somehow call it.'

"'Well, whoever it is,' said I giving up the list, for I didn't know all of the speakers myself,

'we are going to have a big time and Tammany Hall —— '

"'There,' interrupted Jephtha, his face gleaming with joy at the discovery, 'that's him. Tammany Hall is the feller. I'd ruther hear him speak than anybody.'"

* * * * * *

Champ Clark tells an amusing story of William J. Bryan's earlier political career. At the time Bryan was a fledgling in national politics. Bryan had been invited, with a dozen other men, to address a political meeting at Omaha. The chairman introduced a long line of more or less distinguished statesmen who were called Judge, Colonel, Major-General, or by some other title. When it drew near Bryan's turn to speak he began to think that he had no title, but he thought that he might get some advertising out of the address for his struggling business as a lawyer at Lincoln. So he went to the chairman and whispered to him that when his time came to address the assembly he should like to be introduced as "Mr. William J. Bryan, the rising young attorney of Lincoln." The Chairman grunted an assent, but when he introduced Bryan he did it in these words:

"Mr Bryan will now speak."

And so the chance to gain an advertisement was lost.

* * * * * *

"My funniest experience," says Gen. Russell A. Alger, "during a campaign was not on the stump, although intimately connected with the stump. I had neglected to prepare my speech and, thinking it best to jot down a few notes, I went to the stenographer at my hotel and asked her to take my dictation. She asked whether I wanted it taken direct on the machine? I thought that way would be as good as any other, and began dictating. She went right ahead, but as I was in the midst of my peroration she burst into tears. I wondered why my eloquence had been so melting, and asked what was the matter."

"'Would you mind speaking that all over again?' she said, with eyes full of tears. 'I forgot to put any paper in the machine.'"

* * * * * *

"I was stumping Pennsylvania during the last campaign in company with General Gobin," said Representative Olmstead of Harrisburg. "I have never acquired a knowledge of Pennsylvania Dutch, and General Gobin impressed upon me the advantage that would result from such an

accomplishment. Occasionally on our stumping trip he would undertake to teach me something of that language, and I flattered myself that I was making pretty good progress. So confident had I become of the advantage of speaking Dutch that before we reached a town I would generally ask him to teach me some good Dutch phrase that I could weave into my remarks.

"One day, in particular, which I remember, was when we were taking a carriage drive several miles over a country road to fill an engagement. When the spires of the town were in view it occurred to me to request General Gobin for a phrase of Pennsylvania Dutch that I could repeat before my audience. He responded readily and advised me to say, 'Was nempst?' at the close of my discourse.

"Delighted with the suggestion, I addressed my audience in enthusiastic terms, and concluded with this eloquent exordium: 'Friends and fellow-citizens, put your cross at the head of the ticket, stand by the flag, and patriotically support the Republican party. Was nempst?'

"Such a rush for the saloon as followed the close of my speech was, I believe, never before witnessed in that section of Pennsylvania. This little phrase which General Gobin taught me is

Pennsylvania Dutch for 'What will you have to drink?' and it actually cost me eighteen dollars to settle with the delighted proprietor of the drink establishment."

* * * * * *

A California pioneer tells a story of stump-speaking in the Golden State.

A turgid orator, so noted for his verbosity and heaviness that he had been dubbed "Melancholy" McCullon, was assigned to speak at a mining camp in the mountains. There were about fifty miners present when he began. But, when at the end of a couple of hours he gave no sign of finishing, his listeners dropped away. Some went back to work, but the majority sought wherewith to quench their thirst, which had been immensely aggravated by the dryness of the discourse.

Finally there was but one auditor left, a dilapidated, weary-looking, old fellow. Fixing his gaze on him, McCullon pulled out a man's size six-shooter and laid it on the table. The old fellow rose slowly and drawled out: "Be you goin' to shoot, ef I go?"

"You bet I am," responded McCullon. "I'm bound to finish my speech, even if I have to shoot to keep an audience."

The old fellow sighed in a tired manner, edged off slowly, saying as he did so: "Well, shoot, ef you want to. I may jest as well be shot as talked to death."

* * * * * *

During the political campaign of 1886 Mr. Blaine made several speeches in the West, among them one at Detroit and another at Grand Rapids. The journey along the Detroit, Lansing, and Northern Railroad was a proud one for the "Plumed Knight." At every station where the train stopped he was greeted by enthusiastic crowds, who cheered him, and in reply were given short speeches, each of which contained a pat application to the locality and the issues of the campaign.

"I was talking with Mr. Blaine and General Alger when the train pulled into Grand Ledge. We all stepped out on the platform. There was a peculiar looking crowd of people waiting to see the statesman. One man yelled: 'What's the matter with Alger?'

"'He's all right!' the others bawled in reply.

"But no one seemed to recognize Blaine. The people were craning their necks and peering in at the car windows. Finally one big fel-

low, apparently from the country, came up to the platform and asked, 'General Alger, where is Mr. Blaine?'"

* * * * * *

There have been many amusing stories about the manner in which the Rev. N. T. Hopkins made his race for Congress against the Hon. J. M. Kendall, but none is more thoroughly characteristic than this, which comes from Campton. If there are any things which the Rev. Hopkins knows less about than probably any other man who ever aspired to so high an office in America, those things are political questions and statesmanship.

Unlike many another man, however, who is densely ignorant, he knows enough to try and let such matters alone, so far as discussing them is concerned, and all through his canvass devoted himself to dodging joint debates and preaching in the mountain churches. His strong suit has always been his knowledge of the Bible, and he discussed that upon all occasions, although his interpretations of it are such as would cause most theologians to have a congestive chill.

Toward the close of the race his friends and managers insisted that he ought to make one or

two political speeches, being careful, however, to avoid running up against any snags, and they tried to so arrange matters that no Democrat should be present to answer him. After much persuasion he reluctantly consented, and among the two or three appointments arranged for him was one at Campton. The Democrats got wind of the fact that he would speak at the latter place and quietly went to Judge Joseph Lykin and requested him to be on hand and divide time with Hopkins.

The Judge consented, and was on hand at the appointed hour, and announced that he would reply to the Pike County candidate. It was then that Hopkins's mountain genius asserted itself. It would never do in the world to have his ignorance of political matters exposed, and he could not well prevent the Judge from making a speech, so he hit upon an entirely new and previously unheard-of plan. When he was introduced to the expectant crowd he quickly dived down into his saddle-bags, which he had brought on the platform with him, and, fishing out his Bible, announced a text and proceeded to preach a vigorous, rough-and-tumble sermon, never once alluding to his candidacy or to politics.

The worst disappointed and most thor-

oughly upset man in the crowd was Judge Lykin, who was gloating over the fact that he would have a chance to demolish the wily candidate. His knowledge of the Scriptures was perhaps as scant as Hopkins's knowledge of political questions, and he was, therefore, helpless and unable to respond. It is safe to say that the next party speech the gentleman from Pike County attempted to make, he was absolutely certain that no Democrat was in reaching distance.

* * * * * *

Frank B. Burke of Indiana tells a good story about Congressman George Cooper. A campaign meeting had been arranged for the Congressman. The Republicans tried to have a counter attraction, but were unable to secure a speaker. Not to be outdone, some of the leaders announced that a balloon ascension would take place on the afternoon Congressman Cooper was to address the people. The mere ascension of the balloon was not deemed a sufficient attraction, and, as a further inducement to distract attention from the Democratic rally, it was given out that five guinea-fowl would be taken up in the balloon and set at liberty. Their captors were to be rewarded with a suit of

clothes, an order for the garments being suspended from the neck of each fowl. The day of the meeting finally arrived. The crowd gathered in the town, which was a rural settlement. At last Congressman Cooper began his remarks.

But little attention was accorded him. Nearly all those present were picturing the flight of the balloon through the clouds, the descent of the guineas, and the suits of wearing apparel their capture meant. Presently the balloon was seen soaring aloft. An old farmer who stood near an open window, yelled, "There she goes," and with a bound was outside, following the course of the balloon. Right there the meeting ended. The crowd could not be held, for half of it joined in the mad effort to secure a guinea-fowl and the promised reward. Mr. Cooper put on his hat and went to another town to speak. It was not learned what became of the guinea-fowl.

* * * * * *

"One of the funniest campaign experiences I ever had," says Col. Charles Page Bryan, "was while I was making a speech down in the centre of my State. An orator, who shall be nameless, was one of the three others besides myself at the meeting, and delivered a long

speech, in the course of which he said: 'Remember, if you conquer yourself you conquer the greatest evil in the world.'

"He made the assertion in all seriousness and was evidently surprised at the burst of laughter which greeted the statement."

* * * * * *

Alexander H. Stephens, the Confederate Vice-President, wanted the nomination for Congress in a Georgia district before the war, and had as his opponent a big-bodied, big-featured, big-lunged man, who prided himself on his herculean girth and bellowing voice. They came together at the hustings and the big man got the floor. He held his opponent up to ridicule and wound up his harangue with these words: "Why, look at that man," pointing to Stephens, as he sat, a mere bundle of skin and bones, in an invalid's perambulating chair. "Look at him, I could swallow him at one mouthful."

"Yes," piped Alexander from the depths of his chair, "and if he did he'd have more brains in his stomach than he's got in his head."

* * * * * *

Another good story is related of Bob Toombs and Gen. John B. Gordon. General Gordon is

a conspicuous figure in the South, and all who have seen him will recall to memory the long scar upon the upper part of his left cheek, the memento of a sabre wound received during the war. Gordon is immensely popular, and of his popularity Toombs was a little bit jealous. He showed this feeling when in a campaign speech he said:

"If that scar were on the back of Gordon's neck instead of on his face he wouldn't be so d——d popular."

Gordon heard of this, and a few days later, while addressing a political gathering, got back at the famous orator as follows: "If Toombs had been where I was when I got that scar it would be on the back of his neck instead of on his face."

* * * * * *

A candidate for Congress had been making a speech in one of the towns of his district where he was not well known personally, and in the evening while waiting for a train, he strayed into a butcher's shop, and without saying who he was began to pump the butcher to find out how he stood.

"Did you hear that speech this afternoon?" he inquired, after some general talk.

"Yes," replied the butcher, "I was there."

"What did you think of it?"

"Pshaw," said the honest butcher, "I've made a better speech than that a hundred times, trying to sell fifteen cents' worth of soup-bones." The candidate concealed his identity.

* * * * * *

One of the candidates for the representation of a country district, in the course of a speech just previous to the general election, had occasion to refer to the flogging of children. Some folk, nowadays, he said, objected to beating youngsters at all, but he agreed with the truth in that saying of the wise man: "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

"I suppose that I was no worse than other boys," he went on to say, "but I know I had some flogging myself, and I believe it did me good. Now, on one occasion I was flogged for telling the truth!"

"It cured you, sir!" said a voice from the back.

* * * * * *

When people run for office they must be careful what they say. In Indiana, a patriot who for many years had unsuccessfully endeavored

to obtain a seat in the Legislature believed that he saw his way thither through the Grangers. Therefore he smiled upon and spoke to the Grangers. In a biographical sketch of himself which he introduced in one of his speeches he made this agricultural remark: "Yes, I may truly say, I was born between two rows of corn." At the slight pause which followed, a broad-chested, hairy-faced individual winked his eye at another Indiana man and observed: "A pumpkin, by thunder!" Which so far disconcerted the aspirant that he ceased to talk.

* * * * * *

Probably the most unique campaign speech on record is that made some years ago by the Hon. Tim Campbell, of Brooklyn. In his own district an Italian had the supreme audacity to run against him, greatly to the Hon. Tim's disgust, and here is how he disposed of the Dago's claims,—and incidentally of other weighty matters:

"There is two bills before the country—the Mills bill and the McKinley bill. The Mills bill is for free trade, with everything free; the McKinley bill is for protection, with nothing free. Do you want everything free, or do you want to pay for everything? Having thus dis-

posed of the national issue, I will now devote myself to the local issue, which is the Dago Rinaldo. He is from Italy. I am from Ireland. Are you in favor of Italy or Ireland? Having thus disposed of the local issue and thanking you for your attention, I will now retire."

* * * * * *

In a recent political contest in the oil region of Pennsylvania, a candidate who had been accused by his opponent of want of patriotism during our late unpleasantness, took occasion in vindicating himself to say: "Fellow-citizens, my competitor has told you of the services he rendered in the late war. I will follow his example, and I shall tell you mine. He basely insinuates that I was deaf to the voice of honor in that crisis. The truth is, I acted a humble part in that memorable contest. When the tocsin of war summoned the chivalry of the country to rally to the defense of the nation, I, fellow-citizens, animated by that patriotic spirit that glows in every American bosom, hired a substitute for that war, and his bones, fellow-citizens, now lie bleaching in the valley of the Shenandoah!"

* * * * * *

There was not much fun in the Presidential

campaign of 1876, though here and there an occasional bit cropped out, as at a Democratic mass-meeting in Boston. After the proper quantity of music had been performed to keep the audience in good humor, Mr. Dorsheimer commenced a speech by saying, "Faneuil Hall is full to-night;" but here his voice was drowned by the confusion. When it subsided, he began again, saying, "Faneuil Hall is full to-night!" and then pausing for rhetorical effect, he gave an opportunity for somebody to say, "So is Michael Doherty." The old hall shook with laughter, and enthusiastic cheers were given for that corpulent citizen.

* * * * * *

Ex-Governor Davis Butler, of Nebraska, was "reminded of a story" almost as frequently as President Lincoln. While electioneering in one of the frontier counties, he was lodged at a log hostelry where the accommodation was so scant that his Excellence and a son of the Emerald Isle were assigned to the same bed. On retiring, the Governor remarked to Pat that he would "have to stay a long time in the old country before he could sleep with a Governor."

To which Pat replied, "Begorra, ye'd have

to be a moighty long time in the owld counthry before yer honor would *be* Governor!"

* * * * * *

At a Democratic meeting held in a neighboring city it was deemed that a good thing to do would be to have a barbecue. The subject was referred to a committee, who reported favorably, and recommended that it be held on Friday week. Upon the announcement of the date an excited Irishman jumped to his feet and exclaimed:

"Mr. Presidint! I'd have ye to understand, sur, that the great heft of the Dimmicratic Party don't ate mate on Friday!" Patrick put that undeniable fact in a very concise and pointed way. He couldn't have done it better. The barbecue was not held on Friday.

* * * * * *

Twenty years ago, in a little town in Illinois, a band of hopeful politicians secured a brass cannon with which to celebrate the election of Hancock, and dragging it out to a spot in front of the village tavern, loaded it clear to the muzzle with a heavy charge of powder, rammed down with old rags, leaves, and sod. They counted on firing it but once, but proposed that

the town should know when it went off. The hour fixed for action was eight o'clock, but at eight o'clock the news was unpleasantly suggestive of Garfield, and they postponed firing till nine. At nine things looked more dubious. They waited till ten, and then they drew the cannon back under the shed till the morning's sure tidings should give opportunity to proclaim the Democratic victory. The morning decided Garfield's election, and sadly they sought the gun to unload it. The shed door opening, revealed the defiant muzzle bearing this placard,

"A charge to keep I have."

CHAPTER II

New Stories of Lincoln

ONE day during the war a clerk from the Adjutant-General's Office, called at the White House, and expressed to Mr. Lincoln his desire to be appointed an Assistant Adjutant-General.

"Do you know whether there are any vacancies in the Adjutant-General's Office at this time?" asked the President.

"There are none," replied the clerk, "but it has occurred to me that I might be appointed, and assigned to the staff of some general officer commanding a corps, division, or brigade."

"Exactly," said Mr. Lincoln; "but has any corps, division, or brigade commander applied for you on his staff?"

"Not that I am aware of," was the answer.

"Well, sir, do you know of any general officer who wants you upon his staff?" asked the President.

"I cannot say that I do at this time, sir," replied he.

"Then," said Mr. Lincoln, "it seems to me that you might just as well ask me to marry you to a woman who didn't want you as to expect me to send you to a General who didn't want a clerk promoted from the Adjutant-General's Office; and if I were to force any General to take you against his wishes, I reckon he would have as good cause to apply for a divorce as the woman would have who didn't want a husband; so that it looks to me, Smith, as if you had bettter remain where you are in the Adjutant-General's Office until somebody wants you elsewhere."

* * * * * *

It will be remembered that while General Grant was investing Petersburg, the President paid a visit to City Point for the purpose of witnessing the progress of the military operations in that quarter. It will also be remembered that at this eventful juncture the public was with breathless anxiety watching every proceeding which had the least bearing upon the issue of the siege.

Shortly after Lincoln's arrival at City Point, while he was engaged in conversation with a group of officers around him, a distant musket-shot was heard from the direction of General Parke's corps, which then occupied the right of

our lines about two miles from City Point. Soon after this the report of another shot came, then followed several others in rapid succession, and directly afterwards volleys were fired, interspersed with occasional discharges of cannon, all from nearly the same direction (Parke's position). The President for a few minutes manifested considerable anxiety, remarking that he could not understand why Parke had not, as he promised, informed him if anything of importance occurred in his vicinity.

The officers could not account for the firing, as they felt quite confident no considerable force of the enemy could have made its appearance near General Parke's corps.

In a short time, however, the firing ceased, and the President feeling no further apprehension of danger went to bed.

Early on the following morning Colonel P——e accompanied by General N——s, rode over to Parke's headquarters to ascertain the cause of the firing, when they learned that it was occasioned by a careless recruit, who about dusk accidentally discharged his musket near one flank of the line, which was soon responded to by an equally verdant tyro at some other point, and this was immediately followed by other pattering shots along the entire line, so

that in a few minutes quite an imaginary battle was inaugurated, and in the darkness which soon obscured everything, the troops verily believing the enemy was in front of them, fired volleys of musketry, with now and then a salvo of artillery; but fortunately nobody was hurt, and the disturbance was soon quelled.

Charged with these facts, the officers returned to City Point and reported them to Lincoln, who had just settled himself at the breakfast table. Whereupon he turned around with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, and smilingly observed that this affair reminded him of an occurrence which once took place in Springfield, Illinois.

It happened upon one 3d of July night, after quite a number of people from the surrounding country had assembled in town in anticipation of participating in the celebration of the anniversary of our national independence, and after nearly everybody had gone to sleep, with the exception of a few frolicsome young fellows who had been prowling about town until after midnight. They had pretty well exhausted their ingenuity in devising new pranks for fun and mischief, when one of them proposed to bet drinks for the party that he would within five minutes' time make every cock in the whole town crow. The wager was promptly accepted

and the young fellow, who by constant practice had reached perfection in imitating the crowing of a chicken-cock, leaped upon a fence, and slapping his thighs with his open hands, elevated his mouth, and gave forth a vociferous "cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o," which in the stillness of the calm night, reverberated like a clarion throughout every nook and corner of the town; but this did not elicit a response until he made another still more powerful effort, equal in pitch and volume to that of any proud chanticleer that ever greeted the break of day. Then a solitary reply issued from a chicken-roost in a remote suburb which was soon taken up by others in different directions, and within the brief period specified in the wager probably every cock in the town had repeated the call. But the strangest part of the whole affair was that the sell was not confined to the chickens, for as soon as the crowing commenced all the boys in the place, who very likely slept with one eye open upon that special occasion, and verily believing the joyful Fourth of July had dawned, leaped out of bed, jumped into their clothes and rushed pell-mell to the streets, and within less time than it has taken to relate it, fire-crackers, pistols and guns were being discharged from every direction. "But," added the facetious narrator, "nobody

was hurt any more than when Parke's roosters prematurely crowed last evening."

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Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, remarking on President Lincoln's dry humor, says that on one occasion a delegation of colored men had waited on Mr. Lincoln, and were evidently at a loss to know just what to say. The President waited a while, and then remarked: "Well, all who are here seem to be present." This self-evident proposition broke the ice and removed the spell from the African jaw.

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Uncle Billy Green, of Illinois, was Lincoln's partner in the grocery at Salem, and at night, when the customers were few, he held the grammar while Lincoln recited his lessons. At Lincoln's first inaugural banquet Green sat at the table on the President's left, with the dignified Secretary Seward on his right. Lincoln presented the two men to each other, saying: "Secretary Seward, this is Mr. Green, of Illinois." Seward bowed stiffly, when Lincoln exclaimed: "Oh, get up, Seward, and shake hands with Green; he's the man that taught me my grammar."

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General Singleton, of Quincy, Illinois, who was one of the bright young lawyers of Springfield when Abraham Lincoln was a green youth there, tells a story which we believe has never been printed before. The bevy of bright young ladies to which Miss Todd belonged before her marriage to Mr. Lincoln used to have a good deal of sport at the awkward young man's expense. One evening at a little party Mr. Lincoln approached Miss Todd, and said in his peculiar idiom: "Miss Todd, I should like to dance with you the worst way." The young lady accepted the inevitable and hobbled around the room with him. When Miss Todd had returned to her seat, one of her mischievous companions said: "Well, Mary, did he dance with you the worst way?" "Yes," she answered, "the very worst."

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The following story is so characteristic as to be worth repeating: The foundation of Lincoln's political success was his popularity, and his popularity was due to his always keeping near to the people, as he expressed it. One night he had a dream. He thought that he was in some great assembly. The people made a lane to let him pass. "He is a common looking fellow,"

some one said. Lincoln, in his dream, turned to his critic, and replied, "Friend, the Lord prefers common-looking people, or He would not have created so many of them!"

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Gail Hamilton tells this story about a friend of Mr. Lincoln's, who, in the first convention that nominated him for the presidency, had worked and spoken with great effect. Afterwards in thanking him for his enthusiasm, Mr. Lincoln said: "But I am afraid, Colonel, that when you spoke for me you prevaricated just a little." "Prevaricated, Mr. Lincoln?" said the other, "prevaricated? Why, I lied like the devil."

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Lincoln related many a story, but never one nearer the point, or more applicable than the following: It was in the summer of 1861, a short time after the Bull Run defeat, that complaint was made to Governor R—— concerning the conduct of Colonel ——— of the —th Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers. The Colonel was a prominent man, a Democrat, and the Governor was disposed in military affairs to act impartially; but how to have the Colonel transferred or "let down easy" so that no disturbance, political or otherwise should arise at home

to vex him, was the question. Finally, it was resolved that the matter should be left with President Lincoln. So Judge O—— was requested by the Governor to go to Washington and "have matters fixed." Accordingly the Judge and Senator D—— called at the White House, stated the case to Mr. Lincoln, and recommended that the Colonel be put upon some General's staff, where he could be more useful than in the position he then occupied, and so "let him down easy." Mr. Lincoln inquired if the Colonel knew anything of the plan, and upon being answered in the negative, said: "That reminds me of a little story. It was in the Mexican war, at the battle of Monterey, I believe, that a little Irish Captain from Sangamon County was ordered by his Colonel to a position with his company. After hearing the order the little Captain straightened up full height and said, 'Colonel, will yez be so kind as to tell that to my min yoursel, for by jabers, Colonel, I'm not on spakin' terms wid my company.' " It is perhaps needless to add that the gallant Colonel was shortly after this interview with the good-natured President placed in a more exalted sphere of usefulness.

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A good instance of the execution which Lin-

coln sometimes effected with a story occurred in the Illinois Legislature. There was a troublesome member from Wabash County, who gloried particularly in being a "strict constructionist." He found something "unconstitutional" in every measure that was brought forward for discussion. He was a member of the Judiciary Committee, and was quite apt, after giving every measure a heavy pounding, to advocate its reference to this committee. No amount of sober argument could floor the member from Wabash. At last he came to be considered as a man to be silenced, and Lincoln was resorted to for an expedient by which this object might be accomplished. He soon afterwards honored the draft thus made upon him. A measure was brought forward in which Mr. Lincoln's constituents were interested, when the member from Wabash arose and discharged all his batteries upon its unconstitutional points. Lincoln then took the floor and with the quizzical expression of feature which he could assume at will, and a mirthful twinkle in his gray eyes, said, "Mr. Speaker, the attack of the member from Wabash on the constitutionality of this measure reminds me of an old friend of mine. He's a peculiar looking old fellow with shaggy overhanging eyebrows, and a pair of spectacles under them. (Every-

body turned to the member from Wabash, and recognized a personal description). One morning, just after the old man got up, he imagined on looking out of his door, that he saw rather a lively squirrel on a tree near his house. So he took down his rifle, and fired at the squirrel; but the squirrel paid no attention to the shot. He loaded and fired again, until, at the thirteenth shot he set down his gun impatiently and said to his boy who was looking on, 'Roy, there's something wrong about this rifle.' 'Rifle's all right, I know 'tis,' responded the boy, 'but where's your squirrel?' 'Don't you see him humped up about half way up the tree?' inquired the old man peering over his spectacles and getting mystified. 'No, I don't,' responded the boy, and then turning and looking into his father's face, he exclaimed, 'I see your squirrel. You've been firing at a louse on your eyebrow.'" The story needed neither application nor explanation. The House was in convulsions of laughter, for Mr. Lincoln's skill in telling a story was not inferior to his appreciation of its points, and his power of adapting them to the case in hand. It killed off the member from Wabash, who was very careful afterwards not to provoke any allusion to his "eyebrows."

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For this anecdote the Hon. John J. Van Allen is authority: "Long Tom Davis of Oswego, N. Y., was a lawyer of unusual and conceded ability, an ardent Republican, an enthusiastic admirer of President Lincoln and during the latter years of the war, a valuable member of the New York State Legislature. In 1864 he went to Washington and while there called on the President with the intention of criticising a certain line of policy, the expediency of which was then questioned by many patriotic citizens. Besides being tall enough to warrant the use of the prenominal adjective by which he was distinguished from all shorter Tom Davises, he was a man of sombre temperament and singular gravity of manner. Life for him was too short and serious for a smile, and being for this among other reasons quite incapable of understanding the character of Mr. Lincoln, he returned from the capital amazed and pained by the conviction which he did not hesitate to express that our illustrious President was little better than a buffoon. 'Why, you greatly astonish me, Mr. Davis,' said a gentleman to whom he communicated his impressions of the President. 'I thought you were one of his warmest supporters.' 'Well, I'll tell you,' was the reply, 'just how he received me and you can judge for your-

self. Having been introduced to him in terms most flattering as a staunch Republican and efficient member of the Legislature, I began to make the suggestion I had in mind, whereupon the President, eyeing me thoughtfully, inquired: "Mr. Davis, how tall a man are you?" I replied that I was six feet two inches, upon which he rejoined: "Why, are you as tall as that? Come, let me see," and backing me against a door he took a pencil, marked my height on the jamb, and afterwards his own, the two marks being close together. "We're pretty nearly of a size," said he. "But, Davis, I think my foot is longer than yours." So he insisted on measuring feet, after which he began to discuss our weights and the size of our chests and arms. In this way, with these trivial comparisons and conjectures, he took up all my time, fully fifteen minutes, until a man came in who applied for a clerical position in one of the departments on the strength of having lost a hand in the service of his country. "Oh, you go and see Seward," said the President, "I don't know anything about your hand; you may have lost it in a steel trap." Now,' concluded Mr. Davis, earnestly, 'do you think he had the requisite dignity for so high an office?'

"The interview of which the foregoing is a

mere outline seemed deliciously amusing from the fact that Mr. Davis, patriot and statesman that he was, had not the remotest appreciation of the humor of the incident. The President, burdened and worn, bowed by his load of responsibility, and wearied by a long day's work, was in no mood to go over with his visitor ground frequently traversed before, perhaps in protracted Cabinet debates. Perceiving that Mr. Davis was a man of nearly his own build, he found in this topic an escape from a discussion he dreaded. It was this ability to momentarily lay aside his dignity in a laugh or a boyish prank which enabled Mr. Lincoln to stand up under his weight of care, and it was this which rendered him such an enigma to the saturine Davis."

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In 1863, after the fall of Vicksburg, a man came to Lincoln seeking an office. He had known Lincoln very well in the early fifties, but had drifted South. He claimed to have been always a Whig and a Union man, although compelled to hide his sentiments until Vicksburg fell. He wanted an office and a good one, and he was very importunate.

At last Mr. Lincoln said to him: "John,

when I was a young man about the time I first went to Springfield to live, I was invited to a dance, and I was very proud of the invitation. I remember that I bought a new hat and a very good one, for it cost me more than any other hat I had ever bought, and I was very proud to wear it to the dance. Well, I enjoyed myself so much at this hop that I stayed very late, about the last one to leave, as I remember, and as I was ready to go I said to the colored man who had charge of the coats and hats: 'Now, John, I wish you would bring me my hat.' He brought me a hat that had been worn for a long time, and was very rusty and shabby, and I said to him, 'This isn't my hat; I wore a new one,' and then he replied: 'Mr. Lincoln, the new ones were all gone two hours ago.'"

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Some time before the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation, and while our military operations were unusually unsuccessful, a self-appointed delegation of preachers from New England numbering twenty-three called upon President Lincoln to induce him to issue the proclamation instanter. Their speaker was cocked and primed and full of anticipation of success. He announced that they were the

delegates of the Almighty, and with many flourishes about Moses and the prophets, demanded in the name of the Lord that the President issue the proclamation declaring the slaves free.

He went on to assert that when that was done the civilized and Christian world would rise up and assist us with such tremendous force that our success would be assured and much more of the same sort. When he had finished Mr. Lincoln quietly said to the speaker:

"Your Reverence, how many legs has a sheep?"

The speaker raised his hands and the whole body of the delegation showed signs of disgust, as much as to say: "We always heard he was a buffoon." But the speaker answered: "Why, four, Mr. President."

"Now," said Mr. Lincoln, "if you call a sheep's tail a leg how many legs would he have?"

The answer, of course, was five.

"You all agree to this?" said Mr. Lincoln.

They nodded assent.

"No," said the President, "you are wrong. A sheep has only four legs, and calling his tail a leg does not make it a leg."

The application was apparent; issuing a

proclamation of freedom without the ability to enforce it would be ridiculous.

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It is the humorous element in Lincoln's speeches and writings which makes them almost *sui generis*, says Mr. Stanton. What he said or wrote to his generals was often amusingly pat. When a seemingly unsurmountable obstacle checked the advance of one of the armies, his favorite illustration was: "Well, if you can't plow through the log, perhaps you can plow round it."

It was characteristic of General McClellan that he always regarded bad weather as exceedingly injurious to him, but as never injurious to the other side; so Lincoln once said of him: "He seems to think, in defiance of Scripture, that heaven sends its rain only on the just and not on the unjust."

Exasperated at the discrepancy between the aggregate of troops forwarded to the same General, and the number the General reported as being received, Lincoln exclaimed: "Sending men to that army is like shoveling fleas across a barnyard—not half of them get there."

When one of the Northern commanders took the control of a Missouri church out of the

hands of its rebel trustees, Lincoln disapproved of the measure in a despatch containing this terse and vigorous phrase, which immediately obtained wide currency: "The United States Government must not, as by this order, undertake to run the churches."

* * * * * *

Not less happy were many of Lincoln's messages to politicians. To one of his mild-natured critics he wrote: "Would you drop the war where it is, or would you prosecute it in the future with elder-stalk squirts charged with rose-water?"

When, on his first arrival in Washington, the new President was besieged by office-seekers, while the war was breaking out, Lincoln said: "I feel like a man letting lodgings at one end of the house, while the other end is on fire."

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In the winter of 1863 there was much anxiety at Washington, lest Burnside should be captured at Knoxville. One day a report came to the White House that there was heavy firing in the direction of the latter city. Lincoln, who had been waiting during long hours for some news, now expressed his satisfaction, and when asked why he found any comfort in his meagre mes-

sage, answered: "A neighbor of mine in Menard County, named Sally Ward, had a large family of children, which she took very little care of. Whenever she heard one of them yelling in some out-of-the-way place, she would say, 'Thank the Lord! there's one of my young ones not dead yet.'" So long as there was firing in the direction of Knoxville, Burnside was not captured.

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Dr. Bellows, President of the Sanitary Commission, went to Washington to get Mr. Lincoln to make a certain appointment. He presented the case to the President, who listened intently, but said nothing. After twenty minutes of eloquence Mr. Lincoln replied:

"I made that appointment several days ago."

"Why didn't you tell me, Mr. Lincoln, and save yourself the trouble of hearing all this?"

"O, Bellows, I do like to hear you talk," said Honest Old Abe, with a twinkle.

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Mr. Lincoln loved Edwin M. Stanton, and believed in him from first to last. When inquired of concerning the reasons for his appointment, Mr. Lincoln said he rather wished at first to appoint a man from one of the border States, but he knew the New England people would

object; and then, again, it would have given him great satisfaction to appoint a man from New England, but that would displease the border States. On the whole, he thought he had better take a man from some intervening territory. "And, to tell you the truth, gentlemen," said he, "I don't believe Stanton knows where he belongs himself."

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When some gentlemen were discussing Mr. Stanton's impulsiveness, Mr. Lincoln said, "Well, we may have to treat him as they are sometimes obliged to treat a Methodist minister I know of out West. He gets wrought up to so high a pitch of excitement in his prayers and exhortations, that they are obliged to put bricks into his pockets to keep him down. We may be obliged to serve Stanton the same way, but I guess we'll let him jump awhile first."

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"I was once called to Washington," says Senator Palmer, "to see Mr. Lincoln on a matter of business. It was in 1865. I was shown into an anteroom, and waited for some time. I saw Senators and others going in, and finally I was called. Mr. Lincoln was being shaved. He said I was home folks, and he could shave before me. I said to him:

"'Mr. Lincoln, if I had supposed at the Chicago Convention that nominated you that we would have this terrible war I would never have thought of going down to a one-horse town and getting a one-horse lawyer for President.'

"I did not know how he would take it, but rather expected an answer that I could laugh at. But he brushed the barber to one side, and with a solemn face turned to me and said:

"'Neither would I, Palmer. I don't believe any great man with a policy could have saved the country. If I have contributed to the saving of the country, it was because I attended to the duties of each day with the hope that when to-morrow came I would be equal to the duties of that day,' and he turned to the barber."

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A lady once called to see Mr. Lincoln on business of importance. No one was waiting, and, at the invitation of the messenger, she passed directly into the President's room. She found a gentleman engaged in conversation with the President, but neither noticed her entrance. Taking a seat at a distance from the two gentlemen, she waited her opportunity. The visitor handed a paper to Mr. Lincoln. He looked it over carelessly, and said,—

"Yes, that is a sufficient indorsement for anybody. What do you want?"

The reply was not heard, but the promotion of some person in the army was strongly urged. She heard the sarcastic words from the applicant:—

"I see there are no vacancies among the brigadiers, from the fact that so many colonels are commanding brigades."

At this the President threw himself forward in his chair, and looking the man squarely in the face, said, "My friend, you are a farmer, I believe. Suppose you had a large cattle-yard full of all sorts of cattle,—cows, oxen, and bulls,—and you kept killing and selling, and disposing of your cows and oxen in one way and another, taking good care of your bulls. By and by you would find out that you had nothing but a yard full of old bulls, good for nothing under heaven. Now it will be just so with the army if I don't stop making brigadier-generals."

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Mr. John H. Littlefield, who studied law under Mr. Lincoln, is responsible for the following:—

Several men were urging Mr. Lincoln to remove Secretary of the Treasury Chase. They said he was in the way of the administration, and

hampered the President. A smile played around the corners of the President's mouth, as he said,—

"That reminds me of a farmer out West. He was ploughing with his old mare Nance one hot summer day, and his son was following another plow in an adjoining furrow. A horse-fly got on Nance's nose, and the son kept yelling to his father to stop and get the fly off the mare's nose. The father paid no attention to his vociferous son for awhile; but the son kept yelling about the fly on Nance's nose until the old man answered,

"'Now, look-a-here, jist keep quiet; that ere fly on Nance's nose makes her go faster.'"

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Mr. Stanton, his war secretary, never quite knew how to take Lincoln. Stanton was for exterminating such elements as dared to question the President's policy. It is related that once some one had refused to understand an order, or at all events had not obeyed.

"I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind."

"Do so," said Lincoln; "write him now while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp. Cut him all up."

Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone-crusher that he read to the President.

"That's right," said Abe; "that's a good one."

"Who can I send it by?" mused the Secretary.

"Send it?" replied Lincoln; "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do."

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Shortly after the battle of Gettysburg, President Lincoln was being shown over the battlefield.

"Here," said the General who was escorting him, "here on the brow of the hill stood our brave men, who three different times repelled the assaults of the rebels. I shall always be proud to know, Mr. President, that the men who held these heights were American citizens."

"And I," replied President Lincoln, "shall always be proud to know that the brave men who charged up these heights, and though repulsed, charged again and again, were likewise American citizens."

CHAPTER III

Office-seeking as a Fine Art

IT is recorded that a man appointed Sixth Auditor of the Treasury, subject to examination, was asked to state the distance of the moon from the earth. His written answer was simply: "Not near enough to affect the functions of a Sixth Auditor." He passed. So did another, who being examined for employment in the Treasury, was asked how many soldiers England sent to this country during the Revolution. His answer was: "A great sight more than ever got back."

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"On a trip to Washington," said Col. W. F. Cody, "I had for a companion Sousa, the band leader. We had berths opposite each other. Early one morning as we approached the capital I thought I would have a little fun. I got a morning paper, and, after rustling it a few minutes, I said to Sousa:

"'That's the greatest order Cleveland has just issued!'

"'What's that?' came from the opposite berth.

"'Why, he's ordered all the office-seekers rounded up at the depot and sent home.'

"You should have seen the general consternation that ensued. From almost every berth on the car a head came out from between the curtains, and with one accord nearly every man shouted:

"'What's that?'"

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It happened to be the semi-monthly pay day in the Post-office Department, and, as usual, the long line of clerks and other employees stretched down the corridor from the office of the disbursing clerk.

An eager office-seeker who rushed up from the railway station, bag in hand, in his haste to see Postmaster-General Bissell, seeing the long line of people standing in the corridor, fell in at the end of it.

An impatient exclamation from him drew the attention of the clerk standing just in front of him, who, seeing that he was a stranger asked:

"Do you want to see the disbursing clerk?"

"No," said the office-seeker, "I want to see the postmaster-general."

"Well," said the clerk, "we are all waiting to get our money from the disbursing clerk. We are clerks in the department."

"Heavens," said the stranger, "I thought you were all office-seekers," and he promptly made a break for the postmaster's room.

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When Senator Corwin was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Fillmore, Clay called upon him with the request that he should give the position of treasurer of the department to his old firm and true political friend, John Sloane, who for many years ably represented a leading district of Ohio in the Lower House of Congress. The secretary declined making the appointment, which the great Senator with all his persuasive powers and eloquence urged upon him. The appointment still being refused the great Kentuckian said, "Tom, I never should have thought you could treat your old friend in this style." Grasping his old political leader by the hand, the Secretary remarked, "My friend, the reason why I said that I could not make this appointment was that I had already made it."

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Office-seekers should go to Gainesville, Florida. Here's a paragraph from the paper published in that place which says: "When the Hon. L. C. Dennis left us for his Northern trip, to be absent several months, we lost in him our senator, county commissioner, board of instruction, deputy marshal, deputy sheriff, deputy county clerk, treasurer of school funds, custodian of county treasurer's books, senior councilman and acting mayor. Nearly all public business was suspended until his return on the 21st October."

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Pat wanted a position under the government, and on being told that he must be prepared to pass a civil service examination, applied himself faithfully to the necessary preparation. Some time later his ambition for preferment seemed to have deserted him.

"What is the matter, Pat?" asked his former employer. "Couldn't you pass the examination?"

"I could that," he replied. "I answered every question on the paper. But," he added, his native wit coming to his rescue, "I guess they thought I knew too much to be wastin' me time washin' windies."

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The Rev. Dr. Biddell tells a lively story about a Presbyterian minister who had a young son, a lad about ten years of age. He was endeavoring to bring him up in the way he should go, and was one day asked by a friend what he intended to make of him. In reply he said:

"I am watching the indications. I have a plan which I propose trying with the boy. It is this: I am going to place in my parlor a Bible, an apple and a silver dollar. Then I am going to leave the room and call in the boy. I am going to watch him from some convenient place without letting him know that he is seen. Then, if he chooses the Bible, I shall make a preacher of him; if he takes the apple, a farmer he shall be; but if he chooses the dollar, I will make him a business man."

The plan was carried out. The arrangements were made and the boy called in from his play. After a little while the preacher and his wife softly entered the room. There was the youngster. He was seated on the Bible, in one hand was the apple, from which he was just taking a bite, and in the other he clasped the silver dollar. The good man turned to his consort. "Wife," he said, "the boy is a hog. I shall make a politician of him."

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Soon after the first inauguration of Governor Seward, as Chief Magistrate of New York, Virus W. Smith, then and for many years afterwards a potential man in the Whig party of Onondaga County, wrote to Mr. Thurlow Weed, requesting him to call upon the Governor and ask him to appoint a certain man as Indian Agent for the Onondaga tribe of Indians. The person recommended was well known to Mr. Weed as one of those meddlesome fellows, whose only power is a power for mischief. He was therefore surprised at Mr. Smith's urging him for the position. Next day Mr. Weed mentioned the matter to the Governor (who was equally cognizant of the man's character) and remarked that he had answered the letter, and that action for the present would be delayed. It was thought that this would bring Mr. Smith to Albany to look after the matter, as it did. On arriving he promptly called upon Mr. Weed, who expostulated with him as to the character of his candidate. "Nevertheless," said he, "if you make it a point that he must have the place, why have it he must."

"Well, Mr. Weed, I am very anxious about it."

"But you know what a bad fellow he is."

"Can't help it, he's my man."

"But can't you give some reason for your urgency?"

"No," replied Mr. Smith, "I do not care to do that."

"But the Governor thinks badly of this fellow, and certainly some explanation is due to him."

"Well, it's something I don't wish to talk about."

"Why?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Certainly."

"Then if you insist upon it, I'll tell you. You know there are among the Onondagas two parties, the Christians and the pagans?"

"I am aware of it."

"Well, my man is a leetle in favor of the Christians. The pagans have found that out, and what is more they have agreed among themselves that the moment he comes among them they'll kill him."

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When L. Q. C. Lamar was made Secretary of the Interior, nearly every young man who had known him in Mississippi went to Washington to get a job. Among the number was John Youngblood, editor of the Oxford *Globe*, who called at Mr. Lamar's office on the eighth day

of March, 1885. The Secretary was of course glad to see him. Youngblood had once been Mr. Lamar's private secretary. He expected something big, but a clerkship only was tendered him, and this he declined.

Time wore on and Youngblood, in common parlance went broke. Could his old friend Mr. Lamar let him have $50? Mr. Lamar could and did. Two weeks more; could his old friend Colonel Lamar let him have a hundred while he was waiting to be placed? Again Mr. Lamar could and did. A month rolled by. Youngblood's board bill was due. He had to live while waiting, and he knew no one else in Washington except his old friend from Oxford. His board bill was settled. The next day he called again and wanted to be accommodated. He was.

After Youngblood went out Mr. Lamar turned to Colonel Muldrow, his assistant, and said: "See here, Henry: Youngblood has got to get away from Washington. Find some place for him. Both of us can't live on $8,000 a year."

The next morning Youngblood was made Superintendent of the Arizona schools.

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The colored friend and brother frequently

rises to the great occasion. Recently one of these applied to a gentleman for a certificate of character by which he might be able to get a position in the government service. The testimonial was so unexpectedly complimentary, and set forth Sambo's qualifications in such glowing terms, that turning to the gentleman he said, "Look heah, Mr. Wilson, can't you gib me somethin' to do yourself on dat recommendation?"

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The story is told that not long since a certain man desired to obtain the position of janitor of the police court for the district which comprises Salem, Peabody, and Beverly, Mass. He started out with a petition for his appointment and solicited the signature of the lawyers of his district. At last he found one who remonstrated against the circulation of a petition upon what seemed to him a trivial matter, but was silenced by the declaration that "Salem has the judge, Peabody has the clerk, and it is no more than fair that Beverly should have the janitor."

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A day or two before the assembling of a certain Republican National Convention at Cincin-

nati, Senator Jones of Nevada gave a little dinner to several of his brother Senators and a few members of the House who happened to be at Cincinnati on Convention business. Senator Jones was desirous of ascertaining "how the land lay," but his guests were very wary in replying to his queries. Finally, he addressed the Senator from Illinois: "Well, General Logan, who is your candidate?"

"Sir," replied the swarthy Senator, "I am for the best and bravest man ——"

Before he could finish the sentence up sprang Senator Anthony of Rhode Island, who, with a twinkle of the eye turned to General Logan and said, "Really, General, I positively decline; under no circumstances could I accept the nomination."

General Logan did not finish the sentence.

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When Mr. Putnam was the head of the Public Library in Boston a ward leader of that city called on him to recommend a henchman for a place in the library.

There was no reason why the librarian should not have refused at once and peremptorily to appoint him, but he chose to follow another course.

After a few minutes' talk with the politician, Mr. Putnam asked him whether he had ever been through all the departments of the institution.

"I never have, but I'd like to see it," replied the politician.

"It will give me much pleasure to go with you," said Mr. Putnam.

Mr. Putnam took him behind the counters and through the building from top to bottom, explaining the character and the magnitude of the work in detail. He further pointed out, without seeming to do so, the varied duties of the employees and the attainments they must possess to do the work. When the tour was ended, Mr. Putnam said:

"I'm pleased to have had a chance to show the library to you, and if your friend will fill out an application blank and send it in, and if he passes the necessary examination, I think there will be no difficulty in placing his name on the waiting list."

The politician, however, had seen enough of library work to convince him that his constituent could find no place on the staff, and the blank was never filled out. But to the day he left Boston, Mr. Putnam had no warmer admirer in that city than this same ward leader.

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People sometimes obtain work from Uncle Sam in peculiar ways. Not so very long ago a "poetess of passion" in a far Western State became an office seeker, adopting a novel method of pursuing her object. She appealed to a United States Senator, bombarding him with poetry by mail. Once a week regularly he received from her a long letter in the shape of a poem. Sometimes he got two a week. The poetry was probably the worst that any poetess of passion has ever produced. At first he paid no attention to it, but at length it began to prey upon his mind. He found that it was keeping him awake nights, and when this sort of thing had gone on for five or six months, he became desperate. So finally, he wrote to her saying: "Your poems have proved to me that you are unfit for any public office. Nevertheless, if you will cease writing and sending them to me, I will get you a job." And he did.

* * * * * *

It is not likely that the next Administration will let any particularly fat office in the departments fall to the lot of a colored politician. Nevertheless there is a long list of sable citizens who fancy they enjoy a stout "pull" and who are or will be applicants for positions of author-

ity. The story of an application made to Senator Blackburn by an old negro from Kentucky portrays the eagerness to secure something from the Government, whatever form the prize may take. The Senator was one day informed that "Old Mose" had arrived from Woodford County, Kentucky, and was waiting to consult with him privately on "er 'portant mattah."

"Well, Moses," began Senator Blackburn, as the grinning African was ushered into his presence, "what brings you to Washington?"

"Mars' Joe," replied Mose impressively, "I'se got 'portânt bus'ness, sah. I wants er orfice."

"You want an office! Why, Mose, what can you do?"

"Do, Mars' Joe? What does everybody do dat's got er orfice? Bless yer heart, Mars' Joe, yer don't un'erstand ole Mose. I hain't lookin' fo' work, sah; I only wants er orfice."

Senator Blackburn with as much seriousness as he could command assured Mose that he was powerless to assist him to an "orfice," but that he might provide employment in some private concern. Old Mose's face fell, but soon brightened again.

"Well, Mars' Joe," said he hopefully, "ef ye kain't git er orfice fo' me, sah, jes' hustle eroun' an' git me er pension. I ain't at all 'tickler, sah."

CHAPTER IV

Hayseed Politics

THE "man up a tree," has been located at last. He has been generally presumed to be a hypothetical personage, but he is not. His name is Hulitt Hazewell, and he lives in Windham County, Connecticut, where he was born a good many years ago. His house is hard to get at, but is not unpleasant. It is built in the forks of an immense old chestnut-tree, and is twenty feet above the earth. It has a shingled roof and clapboarded sides and contains three small rooms. A ladder leads up to the front door, and another ladder leads down inside the tree, which is hollow, to a cellar beneath the roots.

Hazewell affirms that he likes his strange habitation better than ordinary houses. It is sheltered from the sun and rain in summer by the surrounding foliage, and in winter it is above the snow and the branches protect it from the cold winds. Before he went to live there Hulitt suffered greatly from ague, but he

never since has had a symptom of the disease. He makes friends of the birds and the squirrels and cares for no other company, but is quite happy and not of a morose disposition, though he is certainly an odd character.

His oddness is inherited. His father lost his reason trying to invent a perpetual motion machine, but Hulitt never wasted time on things like that. He is a shoemaker and has a snug bank account, besides owning the farm on which the queer dwelling-place is located. He has lived in this tree for twenty-five years, and during all that time has not looked into a newspaper or manifested any interest in current news.

Hazewell's selection of his dwelling-place was the result of a rash anti-election promise. It was during the Grant-Seymour campaign of 1868. Hazewell was a Democrat, and whooped things up for Seymour. The postmaster was a Republican, and talked as strongly for Grant. The two men had many an ardent discussion, and at the close of an argument one day the postmaster said he'd be darned if he wouldn't leave the country if Seymour were elected.

"Well," said Hazewell, "I won't leave the country, but if Grant is elected I'll climb a tree and stay there."

Grant was elected, and Hazewell climbed his

tree, and there he has lived the life of a hermit ever since, only coming down to do his farm work and transact other necessary business.

* * * * * *

During the session of the Territorial Legislature of Montana held several years ago a measure was introduced which involved grave constitutional questions, as it seemed to some. One rural orator declaimed quite fiercely against it, urging that it was clearly in opposition to the great principles of the Magna Charta which the brave barons in days of old had wrested from King John. Judge D——, evidently looking upon this daring flight of his colleague as a studied "stunner," rose immediately to reply, determined to show that he for one was not to be overwhelmed by high-sounding words or obscure allusions. Plunging at once into his subject he declared with much vigor that it was time for the legislative bodies of Montana to think and act for themselves without reference to the opinions or principles of King John and his man McCarty.

* * * * * *

A few years ago, in a certain New England town, which is blessed with a college, the

"Fourth" was celebrated with becoming spirit. The Declaration of Independence was read by one of the college students, and at the close of the reading a somewhat pompous but not over well-informed farmer turning to a by-stander remarked:

"That young man is a mighty smart fellow, and made a splendid speech. How he did give it to Old England!"

* * * * * *

"Once when I was making my first race for Congress," remarked a veteran statesman of the Lower House, "I had to make a village about ten miles from a railroad. I drove over in the hack that carried the mail and such unfortunates as had to go to the town, and as I was the only passenger I took a seat by the driver and let him entertain me. We hadn't gone more than half a mile till I began questioning him about the visitors to that section, and as he didn't know who I was he talked quite freely.

"'You don't have many passengers, do you?' said I.

"'Not as a rule,' said he, 'but I had two day before yistiddy.'

"'Who were they?'

"'One of 'em was a candidate for Congress

tryin' to git votes outen the county, and t'other'n was a candidate for the penitensherry tryin' to git hosses outen the county.'

"'Ah,' said I, 'what became of them?' for I was afraid one of my opponents was on the warpath.

"'Well we've got one of 'em in jail and t'other'n plumb vamoosed the ranch.'

"This was rather out of the ordinary, but I wanted to know more, and especially who the horse thief was, so I asked the name of the man in jail.

"'One of 'em was named Smith,' he said innocently, 'and t'other'n's name was Morris, but I'm dinged ef I know which un got away.'"

* * * * * *

An incident that has probably never appeared in print was related by Schuyler Colfax regarding Abraham Lincoln. It was during the dark days of 1863, on the evening of a public reception given at the White House. The foreign legations were there gathered about the President.

A young English nobleman was just being presented to the President. Inside the door, evidently overawed by the splendid assemblage,

was an honest-faced old farmer who shrank from the passing crowd until he and the plain-faced old lady clinging to his arm were pressed back to the wall. The President, tall and in a measure stately in his personal presence, looking over the heads of the assembly said to the English nobleman: "Excuse me, my Lord, there's an old friend of mine."

Passing backward to the door Mr. Lincoln said as he grasped the old farmer's hand: "Why, John, I'm glad to see you. I haven't seen you since you and I made rails for old Mrs. ——— in Sangamon County in 1847. How are you?"

The old man turned to his wife with quivering lip, and without replying to the President's salutation said: "Mother, he's just the same Old Abe."

* * * * * *

The story is told that the late R. B. Hayes had for a neighbor in Ohio a testy old fellow who ran a small truck farm. He was honest and upright, and Mr. Hayes held him in high esteem, notwithstanding his lack of the social amenities and respect for persons. On one of his visits to Ohio during the presidency, he passed the old man's farm and found him plant-

ing potatoes in a patch near the road. The President, being somewhat of a farmer himself, noticed some peculiarity in his neighbor's style of planting, and after a few minutes' chat, he called attention to it, and the old man argued the point awhile.

"After all," concluded the President, "I don't think you are doing it as it should be done for the best results."

The old farmer rested his arm on the fence, and looked steadily at Mr. Hayes.

"They ain't neither one of us," he said, "above havin' fault found with us; but ef you just go on presidentin' the United States your way, an' I go on plantin' pertaters my way, I guess we won't be no wuss off in the end."

Mr. Hayes accepted the suggestion pleasantly and passed on.

* * * * * *

There's a good story about a rural member of the Wisconsin Legislature. The old man was elected to the State Senate from one of the lumber counties, and was proud of the honor. When the Legislature met in Madison, Senator Blank was daily in his seat before the time for calling the Senate to order, and spread the *Madison Journal* before him to read the news of the day.

One morning after the chaplain's prayer while the Clerk of the Senate was reading the journal of the proceedings of the previous day, a gentleman arose and said:

"Mr. President, I move to dispense with the reading of the journal." Senator Blank quietly folded his *Madison Journal*, arose and said:

"Mr. President I move also to dispense with the reading of the *Times*, the *Inter-Ocean*, and all other papers. There should be no distinction against the *Journal*."

* * * * * *

It was at a banquet in Washington, given to a large body of Congressmen, mostly from the rural districts. The tables were elegant, and it was a scene of fairy splendor, so to speak; but on one table there were no decorations but palm leaves.

"Here," said a Congressman to the head waiter, "why don't you put them things on our tables too?" pointing to the plants.

The head waiter didn't know he was a Congressman.

"We cain't do it, boss," he whispered confidentially; "dey's mostly Congressmen at all de tables 'ceptin' dat one, an' if we put pa'ms on dere tables dey take um for celery an' eat um

all up sho. 'Deed dey would, boss. We knows 'em."

* * * * * *

"Even a statesman is picked up sometimes," remarked the Congressman to a crowd of listeners. "On one occasion I was going over my district to get posted, and in my rambles I ran across an old fellow away up on the head waters of a creek. He was hoeing corn in a field near the road, and I stopped to talk with him.

"'Good-morning,' I said pleasantly.

"'Morning,' he responded, but never stopped his hoeing.

"'Right nice looking field,' I remarked.

"'Might be wuss,' he replied, still hoeing.

"'Excuse me,' I ventured, 'but I'm the member of Congress from this district.'

"'Air you?' he asked, still hoeing. 'I voted for you.'

"'I'm much obliged, I'm sure,' I said, 'I'm up here now taking a look over the country.'

"'Well, I hain't no objection,' he said, still hoeing, 'ef you don't take nothin' else,' and he looked at me so suspiciously that I bade him good-day and rode on."

* * * * * *

In Portland, Maine, they tell a good story

about Senator Eugene Hale and Governor Henry B. Cleaves. They were billed to speak in an interior village one evening, and forced to ride quite a distance in a stage coach. The stage was of the genuine old fashion, and the driver was of the typical sort, ready to do anything for accommodation. On this occasion a part of the freight put on top of the stage was a crate containing two calves, each about four weeks old. They made the night resonant with their bleating as the stage trundled over the rough country roads. At last they drew up at a little village post-office, and an old gentleman came hobbling out to meet the driver and exchange a word with him. The bleating of the calves kept up and the old gentleman looked up quizzically at the driver and said: "Well, Dan, you've got your speakers on top of the stage to-night, I see." The roar of laughter that followed from the interior of the coach startled the old gentleman, and when the familiar features of the Republican candidate for Governor smiled out at the half open door, he fled inside the post-office, covered with confusion.

* * * * * *

Last winter in Washington an Indiana man of some prominence in his county politics, but withal a good deal of a yap, met a number of

statesmen and on better acquaintance he joined them one night in the national game.

He hung to it nobly for several hours, and went to his boarding house a financial wreck.

The next night with a reimbursed exchequer, he tackled the game again, and went to his boarding-house after it was over in much the same fix as the previous night.

The third night he went after it again, and the statesmen were tickled beyond expression by the soft mark that the gods had put in their path, and the Hoosier went to his boarding-house feeling no better because he was getting used to it.

On the fourth night he was there again, but he refused to take his place at the board when called.

"Come on," coaxed the hungry crowd. "Nice half dollars for entrees and jack-pots for dessert. Come on."

"No, gentlemen," he said with a firm shake of his head and a new grip on his pocketbook, "no more for me, thanks. I may be from Indiana, but I'm no d——d fool in other respects."

* * * * * *

One day, said a member of Congress, I was away off in one of the back counties of my dis-

trict, repairing fences and doing some missionary work incidental to the campaign, when I saw a woman sitting on the roadside watching a man splitting rails a hundred feet further up the hill.

"Good-morning," I said, stopping my horse.

She returned the salutation, and the man kept on with his work.

"Stranger in these parts?" she inquired, after I had made a few inquiries as to health, crops, and other matters of interest to a man when he is a candidate.

"Partly," I replied; "I live in one of the lower counties."

"Air you a drummer?" she asked.

I laughed.

"Do I look like one?" I asked.

"No, not egsactly; more like a preacher."

"But I'm not," and I laughed again.

"I knowed it," she said, confidently.

"How?"

"Preachers don't pack their bottles in their outside pockets," she remarked, sententiously.

I took mine out somewhat guiltily, and handed it to her.

"Oh, Bill," she called to the man splitting rails.

"Who is he?" inquired William.

She turned to me before answering.

"What do ye do for a livin'?" she asked.

"I'm a member of Congress," I said, blushing at my own greatness.

She gave a long, low whistle.

"Bill," she called, to the man up the hill, "he don't do nothin' fer a livin'; he's a member of Congress." William came down the hill, and there were three drinks less in the bottle as I rode on.

* * * * * *

One of the best men in Stafford County, Va., was running for Supervisor of the county, and as usual when a really good man runs for office, there was a vigorous opposition to him. Some of it was expected, but when one ignorant, but influential old fellow came out against the candidate, the friends of both parties were surprised, and one of the candidates' supporters immediately went to see the old man.

"Is it actually true that you are against our man for Supervisor?" asked the friend when he had led up to the point.

"In course I am," responded the old man firmly.

"But he is one of the best men in the whole county," argued the friend.

"I ain't doubting that at all, only I can't vote fer him."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I won't vote fer no man under them circumstances."

"Under what circumstances?" inquired the friend in the greatest astonishment, for up to that time no "circumstances" had appeared in the campaign.

"Why, wantin' two offices at once, like he does," explained the kicker. "I'm willing to vote fer him for Super, but I'll be derned ef I'm goin' to vote fer him fer Visor, and you can tell him so ef you want to."

Thereupon the friend of the candidate organized an individual educational campaign, and by delicate diplomacy brought the old man up to the trough in good shape.

* * * * * *

There is a good story about Mr. J. Sterling Morton illustrating his free-trade tendency. He was talking to an audience of farmers one day, and he related a dream which had come to him the night before, when as it seemed to him he was in the lower regions. Everything and everybody were burning except a number of bodies hanging in a row. He asked his Satanic Majesty why these bodies were not com-

bustible. "Oh," was the reply, "they are some farmers who did not know enough to vote for tariff reform, and they are actually too green to burn."

* * * * * *

A mountain member of the Kentucky Legislature had fallen into the hands of the Legislative wags. He couldn't make a speech, and of course they were not to be satisfied until they had forced him to make an attempt at it. The occasion finally came, when in response to a unanimous call he took the floor.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, in a shaking voice, "I don't know how to make a speech. I never made one in my life, and as I stand here before this distinguished body now, my pants are rattling like the leaves of the forests," and at this point his trembling knees gave way under him and he sank into his chair.

* * * * * *

It is characteristic of a government like ours that its representative assemblies should include some men whose vocabulary must be severely strained to equal that of their better-educated fellow-members. From the *Princeton Review* we glean a few rich specimens of legislative mistakes:

On one occasion a pugnacious member of the majority in a certain Legislature listened as long as he could to the attack of a minority member upon his party, and then broke out with, "I warn the member on the minority side of the House that he shall not dare to come in here and shake his shibboleth over our heads." The leader of the majority was pained that such a mistake had been made, and knowing well himself the difference between shibboleths and shillalahs, he strode up to the member and exclaimed: "Confound the likes of ye! Don't you know enough to hold your tongue? Why do you put on foreign airs? You don't know the Alpha and Omega of your own language."

Another member spoke thus of a bill: "Mr. Speaker, this is a party bill, and I ask my party friends to stand by me and help me to pass it."

On another occasion, when the Assembly showed signs of weariness, he announced: "Mr. Speaker, I will now withdraw all my further remarks on this bill."

A third member commenced to speak against a bill affecting some of his property: "Mr. Speaker, I arose in a *quasi* capacity." Here a colleague pulled his coat-tail. The member shook him off, and began again: "I arose in a *quasi* capacity." Again came a jerk at his

coat-tail, and in a hoarse whisper the colleague was heard to say: "Whist! come off wid yer Greek!"

Still another member delivered himself thus on the question of contract labor in the State prisons: "This is the vital cobra of destruction that is stamping out the lives of the workingman in this state!"

Another rural legislator induced his friend, a lawyer, to present his name for delegate to one of the great conventions.

"Give me a good send-off," said he to his friend. "You know what to say, of course, and put it on strong. I can stand it. I've found out that unless things are put on strong in these days the crowd don't hook on in good shape."

So the lawyer arose at the proper time and he "put it on strong." And the peroration went something like this:

"Gentlemen, the man whom I present to your attention to-day has been bred and reared in the sacred association of that old town; he has imbibed the traditions of the honor and integrity and good citizenship that have come down there from father to son, and those lessons of youth and manhood have followed him into all his walks of life. And to-day, gentlemen,

he stands before you as one of the most striking types of genus homo that you can find in all Maine."

Well, the man was nominated, but ——

Just as soon as the convention adjourned the candidate came hurrying over to where his friend the lawyer was struggling into his coat.

"What sort of a throw-down are you trying to give me, anyway?" he cried. "That's a nice way to use a friend. Joking is all right among friends over a quart of Mount Vernon or something of the kind, but it don't go on the floor of a convention, not for a minute."

"What are you trying to get through you?" asked the lawyer.

"I'm calling you down, that's what I am doing."

"For heaven's sake, what for?"

"For standing up there, cuss ye, and calling me a genuine hobo. Don't you ever work any more gags of that kind on me!"

CHAPTER V

Jacksoniana

POWER over men was an attribute of genius which General Jackson possessed in a large measure. While conducting his campaign against the Creeks in Alabama, the privations and hardships the raw levies had to endure were too much for a company of Tennesseeans. They mutinied, declared their intention of returning home, and set out, every man with his arms. The General lay on a sick-bed in his tent, but hearing of the revolt, sprang up, dressed, ordered his horse, and picking up the first gun in his way, started on a gallop, alone, after the disaffected ones. Overtaking and passing them, he wheeled his horse, and presenting his gun as he swept the line, with his stern and fiery glance, he shouted, "Back to your duty. I'll blow out the brains of the first man that dares to move a step forward! Wheel, march!" The men cowered under his eye, hesitated a moment, then obeyed his order, wheeled and returned to camp, the General fol-

lowing. When they had entered the lines and stood in the presence of the whole force, the General came around in front, alighted, threw his gun on the ground, and said loud enough to be heard by all, "That old gun had no lock in it."

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Another anecdote in similar vein exhibits his fertility of resource. Riding along a wilderness road between Knoxville and Nashville, he encountered two burly wagoners, who ordered him to get out of his carriage and dance for them. Feigning simplicity, he said he could not dance without his pumps, which were in a trunk strapped behind the carriage. They told him to get his slippers, accompanying the permission with oaths and ribaldry. He opened his trunk, seized a pair of pistols lying there and with one in each hand confronted the ruffians. "Now," said he, with that awful flash of the eye, before which armies had quailed, "you impudent scoundrels, dance for me! Dance! dance!" And he kept them dancing at a lively rate until he thought them sufficiently punished, when he dismissed them, first giving them a moral lecture, delivered with energy, in a language they could understand.

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In conversation with the French minister one day, Jackson used the word development, with a strong accent on the third syllable. Monsieur le Ministre elevated his eyebrows slightly, said nothing, but a few sentences further on used the word again, pronouncing it correctly. The President took no notice of this and having occasion to use the word again pronounced it develop'ment. Again the fastidious diplomat gave it its correct accent. No notice was taken of the impolite correction. "I repeat it, Monsieur," continued the President—"this measure is essential to the develop'ment of our resources." "Really, sir," said the minister, "I consider the development of your country," with a marked accent on the *vel.* Upon which the General said, "Excuse me, Monsieur, you may call it development, if you please, but I say develop'ment, and I will say develop'ment as long as I revere the memory of good old Dr. Waddell," (a famous schoolmaster of South Carolina).

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No sooner had Jackson entered his headquarters in the town of New Orleans, than he appointed a new aide-de-camp, Edward Livingston. After a review of the city's militia, such as they were, the new aide-de-camp invited the General to dinner. Mrs. Livingston

had asked a few ladies to dine with her that day, and we are told that she received the announcement of the honor intended her with some dismay, for she knew nothing of Jackson except that he was a great fighter of the Indians. "What shall we do with this wild General from Tennessee?" whispered the ladies to one another, as they sat awaiting his entrance. But when he came in, perfectly composed, an erect, bronzed figure, in uniform of coarse blue cloth and yellow buckskin, his high boots flapping loosely, he seemed to the ladies the very ideal of the veteran warrior. He gave them one of those magnificent bows for which he was afterwards noted, and behaved with a mingled grace and dignity that astonished the ladies as much as it delighted them. What surprised them most was "the society tone" of his conversation. He begged the ladies, as he rose to take his leave, not to give themselves the least concern about the safety of the city. "I am confident," said he, "of being able to defend it." When he was finally out of hearing, and the ladies found themselves alone, they gathered around the hostess, saying:

"Is this your backwoodsman? Why, madam, he is a prince."

* * * * * *

Senator Ogle, a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, had been deputed to compose an address to the newly elected President, Andrew Jackson. When the bluff old warrior submitted his document to the House, a fellow-member, a dapper little fellow from Philadelphia, observed:

"Pardon me, General, I hesitate about making any suggestion to so distinguished an individual; but I cannot refrain from saying that it is customary with cultured letter-writers to write the first personal pronoun with a capital 'I' instead of a small 'i.'"

General Ogle returned a look of scorn. "Sir," said he, "when I write to so great a man as Gen. Andrew Jackson, Democratic President of the United States, I abase myself. I abase myself, sir. I use as small an 'i' as I can put upon paper. But, sir, if ever I should have to write to a little snipe like you, I would use an 'I,' sir, that would fill two pages of foolscap."

* * * * * *

A conversation said to have occurred in a New York omnibus, between an anti-Jackson broker and a Democratic merchant, reveals much of the verdict of the people upon the character of Andrew Jackson.

Merchant (with a sigh). "Well, the old General is dead."

Broker (with a shrug). "Yes, he's gone at last."

Merchant (not appreciating the shrug). "Well, sir, he was a good man."

Broker (with shrug more pronounced). "I don't know about that."

Merchant (energetically). "He was a good man, sir. If any man has gone to heaven, General Jackson has gone to heaven."

Broker (doggedly). "I don't know about that."

Merchant. "Well, sir, I tell you that if Andrew Jackson had made up his mind to go to heaven, you may depend upon it he's there."

CHAPTER VI

Where Woman Appears

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was busily engaged in his office when an attendant, a young man of sixteen, unceremoniously entered and gave him a card. Without rising, the President glanced at the card. "Pshaw. She here again? I told her last week that I could not interfere in her case. I cannot see her," he said impatiently. "Get rid of her any way you can. Tell her I am asleep, or anything you like."

Quickly returning to the lady in an adjacent room, this exceedingly bright boy said to her, "The President told me to tell you that he is asleep."

The lady's eyes sparkled as she responded, "Ah, he says he is asleep, eh? Well, will you be kind enough to return and ask him when he intends to wake up?"

* * * * * *

A funny story is told in the Senate of the mistake made by a member of that body at the

time of Gen. Anson McCook's marriage some half-dozen years ago. Senator Dolph undertook to get up a subscription for a suitable wedding present, and offering the paper to one of his colleagues who was somewhat deaf, explained the case and asked for what amount he might put his name down in the list. The Senator from Oregon was somewhat nonplussed and considerably nettled to meet with a point-blank refusal. The affair was the more inexplicable as the Senator of whom the contribution was desired was known to be a warm personal friend of General McCook. Later in the day the situation was unconsciously explained by the offending Senator, who remarked to a group of his friends: "What the deuce do you suppose Dolph means? He came to me to-day, and after telling me that his cook was going to be married, actually asked me to contribute for a wedding present!"

* * * * * *

When John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay were at Ghent in 1814 in association with Albert Gallatin, James A. Bayard, and Jonathan Russell, appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, they were on very intimate terms of friendship, and occupied the same

apartments. Mr. Clay was always a very gallant man, and in many respects the very opposite of Mr. Adams, who, though studiously polite to every lady, avoided even the appearance of familiarity. The young girl who had charge of the rooms of the Peace Commissioners was very pretty and modest, and was treated with great respect by all of them. But Mr. Clay would now and then indulge in compliments to her beauty, and on one occasion playfully solicited from her a kiss. Of course he was refused the favor; but in relating the incident to his associates he could not forego a joke on Mr. Adams, who had what are known as watery or tear-suffused eyes. As Mr. Clay repeated it, the conversation following the refusal of the kiss ran as follows:

"I presume you would not deny Mr. Adams such a favor?"

"Indeed I would," she replied. "I have just done so, and left him with tears in his eyes."

* * * * * *

The popularity of Senator Call is entirely with the lower classes—the "cracker" element—who consider him the greatest man on earth, and will not vote for a legislative candidate unless he agrees to support the Senator for re-election whenever his term runs out. When

Congress adjourns Mr. Call comes home, puts on a gray hickory shirt, a pair of ragged breeches, a coat with large holes at the elbows, an old tan-colored, perspiration-stained slouch hat, and gets into his sulky for an electioneering tour through the State.

He travels over the sand hills and through the pine forests, stopping at every cabin "to pass the time of day." He kisses all the children, asks for a "snack" to eat, and when the farmer's wife offers him butter he always prefers sorghum on his bread. When night overtakes him he "puts up" at the nearest farmhouse, no matter how uninviting it may be, and when he goes to bed holds out his ragged trousers to his host and says:

"I snagged my pants in the brush to-day and I'd be under everlasting obligations if your good wife would mend them for me."

Of course the woman would sit up all night to patch the garments of a United States Senator, and she puts in her prettiest stitches, but he rips off the patch in a day or two and plays the same game in the next county. The name of the women in Florida who have mended Senator Call's pants is legion, and it is the proudest event in their lives.

* * * * * *

During the Forty-Sixth Congress, Talbot of Maryland was called out of the House one day by a lady who had forwarded a card to him. When he reached the reception-room she came rushing towards him, telling him her name, and exclaiming: "Mr. Talbot, I am from Maryland. I am forty-one years old and my daughter is twenty-one. Neither one of us has ever had a Government position."

"Madam," replied Mr. Talbot, "in what part of Maryland do you reside?"

She then gave her address in Baltimore. Mr. Talbot brightened up saying, "You are very fortunate, madam. The Constitution of the United States provides that each Congressman shall give either mother or daughter an office when the mother is forty-one and the daughter twenty-one years old, and that each district is entitled to such a position. All the members of the Maryland delegation have filled the places allotted to them under this provision with the exception of Colonel McLane, in whose district you reside. He has not availed himself of this constitutional privilege. Colonel McLane would be delighted to meet you and give you or your daughter a place."

Mr. Talbot then returned to the chamber, and the same card went to Representative McLane.

The old gentleman was absent about ten minutes. When he returned he walked up to Mr. Talbot and said: "Fred Talbot, you sent that woman to me, and you know there is no constitutional provision giving places to mother and daughter whose ages aggregate sixty-two! The worst of it is that she insisted that I was deceiving her when I assured her that she was mistaken. She replied that Mr. Talbot was too nice a man to lie!"

* * * * * *

A Western member of Congress, who isn't much on society, but whose wife is, came home one afternoon in Washington and found her just returning from a round of visits.

"Well, my dear," he inquired, "where have you been to-day?"

"Out making party calls," she replied, with very apparent satisfaction.

"Party calls?" he repeated in puzzled interrogation.

"Yes, Colonel, party calls."

He studied over it for a minute.

"Now, look here, Maria," he said, earnestly, "let up on that. You attend to society, and leave the party to me. You don't know anything about politics, even if you are in Washington with me, and if you get to doing any

party work you'll make a tangle of it sure." And then Maria gave the Colonel a laugh that made him wonder what he was there for.

* * * * * *

When Jefferson was running for election, great fear of him was manifested among the Northern Federalists, who firmly believed that he was little better than Antichrist. In a town in Connecticut where a pious old Federalist lady lived it was believed that if the Federalists were overthrown, and the Jefferson Democrats came into power, the Christian religion would be put down and atheism proclaimed, and among the first persecutions would be the destruction of all Bibles. The lady referred to was terribly wrought up at this prospect, and cast about in her mind how she should preserve her copy of the Scriptures in the general destruction. At length it occurred to her to go to Squire S——, the only Democrat of her acquaintance, and throw herself upon his mercy. She accordingly took her family Bible to him, and telling him that she had heard of the intention of the Jeffersonians, asked him to keep it for her. The Squire attempted to persuade her that her fears were groundless, but she was too panic stricken to be convinced. At last he said,

"My good woman, if all the Bibles are to be destroyed, what is the use of your bringing yours to me? That will not save it when it is found."

"Oh, yes," she pleaded with a charming burst of trust. "You take it; it will be perfectly safe. They'll never think of looking in the house of a Democrat for a Bible."

* * * * * *

In one of the conventions held to promote woman's rights a lady orator, led away by enthusiasm, exclaimed, "It is well known that Solomon owed his wisdom to the number of his wives."

Another speaker, going further still, said there were very many positions in different departments of the public service where women could with entire propriety be employed, especially certain positions in the navy; to which a rather gruff nautical voice among the audience responded, *sotto voce:* "Of course. Lot's wife, you know, was an old salt."

* * * * * *

There lived in Springfield in 1860 an Irish day-laborer named John McCarty, an intense Democrat. Some time after the presidential election, Mr. Lincoln was walking along the

public square, and John was shoveling out the gutter. As the President-elect approached, McCarty rested on his shovel, and holding out his hand, said bluntly,—"An' so yer elected Presidint, are ye? Faith, an' it wasn't by my vote, at all, at all." "Well, yes, John," replied Mr. Lincoln, shaking hands with John very cordially, "the papers say I'm elected; but it seems odd I should be, when you opposed me." "Well, Misther Lincoln," said John, dropping his voice lest some brother Democrat should hear the confession, "I'm glad ye got it, after all. It's moighty little pace I've had wid Biddy for votin' forninst ye; an' if ye'd been bate, she'd ha' driv me from the shanty as shure's the worrold."

* * * * * *

An ex-President of the United States recently had occasion to attend his wife to the railway station, preparatory to her setting out upon a long journey alone. "If you should happen to need advice or assistance of any kind," the ex-President advised his wife at parting, "don't hesitate to call upon this gentleman across the aisle; I like his looks," indicating a perfect stranger, but one whose appearance and manner were such as to inspire trust. The journey was

accomplished safely, and the wife had no occasion to follow her husband's advice. But at an evening reception shortly after her arrival in the city of her destination, a man was presented to her whom she at once recognized as her fellow-traveler. She related the incident. "Will you please tell your husband," said the man, "that that is the first speech I ever heard of his that meets with my hearty approval? I belong to the opposite party."

* * * * * *

A pretty story is told of Mrs. Levi P. Morton's tact and courtesy quite equal to the tradition of Lady Washington's crushing a teacup on purpose to relieve the embarrassment of the guest who had inadvertently broken one of her eggshell cups in his large and careless hand. Mrs. Morton has a set of exquisitely painted doylies from the atelier of a noted Paris artist. One of her political dinner guests, after dipping his fingers in the bowl, drew out the priceless filmy square and crushed it into a ball trying to dry his hands as he talked learnedly with his hostess.

Mrs. Morton smiled with a serenity for which it is hoped the recording angel will give her credit, and said: "Such flimsy doylies are use-

less—let me give you another—but you know it's the fashion." And the grateful politician accepted the napkin and never knew his mistake.

* * * * * *

It was during Cleveland's first incumbency. The daughter of a lawyer prominent in a Kansas town had married an officer who, a few months after the ceremony, had been detailed to a remote post. The young wife, who had enjoyed a sort of belleship in the semi-metropolitan community in which she had been reared, felt as if she were about to be buried alive. Encouraged by her husband and father she repaired to Washington to seek reprieve at headquarters.

"Fort Riley. Why that's a pretty good detail, isn't it?" asked the President, to whom the lady had stated her case.

"No, sir; it doesn't suit me at all."

"Shouldn't we try and be satisfied where we are?" continued the Chief Magistrate, with a patronizing smile.

"You might have been satisfied with being Sheriff at Buffalo," came the pert retort, "but you wanted to be the President of the United States."

* * * * * *

There is a story about Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Sumner that seems very characteristic of

both. Mrs. Howe asked the great Senator to dinner to meet Edwin Booth, and Sumner replied in his starchiest, pouter-pigeon fashion:

"Madam, I do not believe that I care to meet your friend Edwin Booth, estimable as he may be both in his calling and his character. I think I have arrived at the point where one ceases to take any interest in individuals."

"Why Charles," replied Mrs. Howe, with intensity, "God hasn't gotten there yet."

* * * * * *

After discoursing at great length on the emancipation of women, a young lady asked a statesman:

"Supposing women were admitted to govern the affairs of the commonwealth, what post would you assign to me?"

"The management of an institution for the deaf and dumb."

"Why that?"

"Because either those unfortunates would learn to talk, or you would learn to keep quiet."

* * * * * *

If there is any one thing for which Ohio statesmen are noted, it is gallantry to ladies traveling by rail. It is related of a member of the State Legislature that on taking the cars to re-

turn to Columbus, he espied a seat only partly filled by a well-dressed lady. It is fair to suppose that the legislator was not sorry to see the one empty sitting, for he at once marched to the seat, and in his most winning way asked if he might trouble the lady so much as to occupy a part of the seat. The lady, seeing a man near her, answered the question by moving over, and down sat the gentleman. The gentleman found the lady to be possessed of a comely face, and at once commenced a conversation with her. He talked of woman's wrongs, and, without asking her opinion, kept on talking about this, that, and the other at such a rate of speed as to give the lady no chance to reply, even if she had desired to reply. After talking for some time he looked towards the lady, and was surprised to notice that she was not paying the slightest attention to his conversation, but was gazing abstractedly out of the car window. The member didn't like this turn of affairs, and was silent for a moment; but after repeating something about wasting sweetness on desert air, began his conversation again, and finally asked a leading question in an ordinary tone. The lady did not answer. Oho, thought the Solon, the lady is hard of hearing. He repeated his question in a sonorous voice,

and still no answer. Thinking he had offended the lady in some way, he began to apologize and kept it up until some one occupying a seat in front of him, who had been a silent observer of the scene, interrupted the apologizer by saying, "Excuse me, sir, but that lady you have been talking to so earnestly for some time past is deaf and dumb, and has been so since her birth." This thing leaked out, and on the member's appearing in his seat next day some one proposed that he should be added to the Committee on Deaf and Dumb Asylums.

* * * * * *

President John Tyler took for his second wife, in June, 1844, Miss Julia Gardiner, he being then about fifty-five, and she some thirty-five years younger. It is said that Henry A. Wise and other Virginia friends endeavored to dissuade him from the match, and one of them told him a story of a rich old James River planter who called his body servant Tony into council on the expediency of his marrying a miss in her teens. Tony shook his head, saying, "Massa, had you better?"

"Yes, Tony," replied the infatuated planter "why not? She is so beautiful that the sight of her would make one rise from a sick bed to

marry her. I am old, to be sure, but I am not too old to make her happy."

"Yes, massa," diplomatically remarked Tony, "you is now in your prime, dat's true, but when she is in her prime, where den, massa, will your prime be?"

Mr. Tyler is said to have laughed at Tony's philosophy, but he nevertheless married Miss Gardiner, and the marriage proved a very happy one.

* * * * * *

The little daughter of a Democratic candidate for a local office in Saratoga County, New York, when told that her father had got the nomination, cried out, "Oh, mama, do they ever die of it?"

* * * * * *

"I was making a trip through the South," says Senator Tom Carter of Montana, "when I was introduced to the wife of a man who was running for Congress. I wanted to be pleasant to her, so in order to start a conversation I enquired:

"'So your husband is running for Congress?'

"'Yes,' she replied.

"'I suppose it keeps him pretty busy,' I ventured.

"Yes,' was the very short reply.

"This rather froze me, and somewhat discouraged my attempts to be pleasant, but I came to the front again with what I thought was a humorous remark:

"'I suppose he kisses all the babies in the district.'

"This was unfortunate. She flared up angrily.

"'Don't believe a word of it. He hasn't had time to kiss his own babies for two months.'"

* * * * * *

Not long ago Senator Vest, in talking of Major Dickinson, fell to discussing the vanities of life.

"I once met a good old lady out West," said he, "who evinced great surprise of a not very complimentary sort when she met me.

"'And so you're Senator Vest, the great Senator?' she asked.

"'I'm Senator Vest,' I replied bowing.

"'Well, well,' she exclaimed contemptuously, 'after all I've heard about you, I never'd a thought it.'"

* * * * * *

A certain bright woman was a great friend of Governor Crittenden of Kentucky, although of

opposite political sentiments, and there was always a contact of flint and steel when they came together. On one occasion, at her house, Mr. Crittenden was speaking with enthusiasm of the neutrality policy adopted by the State. Mrs. P—— said it was a cowardly resort, when the Senator rose to his feet and said:

"Madam, this is outrageous. You have no State pride."

"Very true, sir," said she, "but I am full to blushing with State shame."

* * * * * *

An ignorant woman once said to a Northern friend:

"Do you know your people take our dead soldiers and boil their bodies to make soap?"

"No, madam, I did not."

"Well, they do. Now what do you think of it?"

"Oh, I think it's a case of concentrated lie, that's all."

* * * * * *

A seemingly frivolous joke is sometimes turned to profitable account in Congress. Take, for example, one worked by Representative Henry Smith, of the Second Michigan District, upon the House Committee on Pensions. It

should be explained that this committee is not the one which has charge of the pensions growing out of the civil war. Its functions are limited to granting pensions to veterans and widows of veterans of the Mexican, the Black Hawk, and other somewhat ancient troubles. One of its maxims is that no widow's pension should be larger than $8 a month. This proceeds on the theory that any widow who survives a veteran of these wars must be a comparatively young woman, and that she must have married the veteran in his dotage and chiefly to get his pension. One day Smith, who is a new member, appeared before the committee, and in an incidental and smiling way alluded to the $8 rule.

"That is a fine rule," said he in a guileless way. "I sympathize with its purpose and believe it should stand; but, just as a guarantee of good faith, I am going to propose that we amend it so that it shall read: 'Except in the case of widows over a hundred years of age.'"

The members of the committee are always ready for a joke, and the amendment was adopted with a unanimous laugh.

Thereupon Mr. Smith, with lightning-like agility, whipped out of his pocket a bill to grant a pension of $12 a month to a Mrs.

Hixon, of Clinton, Mich. She had just passed her hundredth year. It was not necessary for him to explain that her husband had served to within one day of the time requisite to get a pension from the Pension Bureau instead of by a special act. The committee voted to report the bill favorably without so much as a roll-call.

* * * * * *

If you have ever told a witty story and missed the point, you will sympathize with the unfortunate heroine of the following recital in a Washington newspaper:

Some weeks ago we published the witty remark of a Mr. Martin who, with his friend Carpenter, occupies the rooms on F Street where the late Senator Charles Sumner resided. In brief, the story was that, while the two gentlemen were tinkering with a refractory grate, Mr. Carpenter told Mr. Martin that if they were not careful the whole front would tumble in. Whereupon the latter replied that he was perfectly willing to have Sumner's mantle fall on him. So much for the story. Now, at a party a few evenings ago, a young lady called Martin in to a circle of friends to tell him that she had read something about him while out West.

"What, pray?" he asked, with his sweetest smile.

"Why, that story where you and your friend were fixing your office grate," she said, in a doubtful tone.

"Ah, that was a pretty good story, wasn't it? You didn't think I was so brilliant, did you?"

"That was just what was worrying me," she replied, with considerable anxiety. "I've been thinking of that story for a month and wondering what there was particularly funny in your saying you wanted Mr. Sumner's mantelpiece to fall on you."

CHAPTER VII

The Retort Courteous

WHEN Col. Thomas Ochiltree was in Congress he was popular, not only because he was a prince of good fellows with all the world, but for his ability to return a sharp answer where occasion seemed to demand quick wit and a ready tongue.

"Ochiltree," said a member to him one day with an impertinent sneer that grated on the Colonel's sensibilities, "if I had your cheek I'd be on top of the heap."

"You snipe, you," exclaimed the Colonel, "if you had my cheek and your brain you'd be kicked out of every decent place."

* * * * * *

Thaddeus Stevens possessed the same gift, and all members of the House tell one anecdote of an occurrence in which Mr. Stevens and the Speaker of the House got into a sharp tangle, ending in Stevens savagely rolling up some documents on which he had been addressing

the chair, and turning his back to the Speaker in the most impolite way while passing furiously up the aisle towards the cloak-room.

"Is the gentleman trying to show his contempt for the Speaker?" shouted that dignitary.

"No," thundered back Stevens turning around and facing the wielder of the gavel: "I am trying to conceal it!"

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It was at a meeting of a South Boston Democratic club prior to an election some years ago. The hall was filled; sons of Erin largely predominated, and the air was appropriately clouded with smoke from pipes of various ages, colors and degrees of offensiveness. The appointing of a committee of five—for what purpose need not appear—was in progress, and nominations were being made all over the hall with an enthusiastic indifference to the laws of the much-lamented Mr. Cushing.

The acoustics of the room were not of the best, and amid the clamor that greeted each name presented it was extremely difficult to follow the proceedings. At length a burly Irishman at the back of the hall jumped to his feet, and waving a blackened clay pipe at arm's length, shouted, in a voice that might have been heard around the block,

"Mr. Chairman!"

All sounds in the hall came to an end. Recognition from the chairman was instantaneous.

"Mr. Chairman, oi move that Mayor O'Brien be put on the committee."

"Phwat committee is thot?" questioned a voice from the other side of the room.

"Dom'd av oi know, but oi move thot Mayor O'Brien be put on it."

* * * * * *

The famous Thad Stevens had a colored servant in Washington named Matilda, who one Sunday morning smashed a large dish at the buffet. "What have you broken now, you — black idiot?" exclaimed her master. Matilda meekly responded: "'Tain't de fo'th commandment, bress de Lawd."

* * * * * *

President Hayes was a total abstainer. His State dinners, otherwise very elegant and costly, were served without wines. The only concession to conviviality was the Roman punch, flavored with Jamaica rum. Evarts was accustomed to allude to this course as "the life-saving station."

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At another time rising to address informally

the guests at a Thanksgiving dinner, Evarts began: "You have been giving your attention to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to consider a sage stuffed with turkey."

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In Covington, Ky., lives the Hon. Theodore F. Hallam, an able and witty lawyer, whose misfortune it was to have his friends constantly making play upon his name. Most men whose names can in any way be punned or played upon have suffered from every possible variation of such play, until it has become wearisome and exasperating. Hallam had borne allusions without end to the "Middle Ages," "Constitutional Law," etc., when one day, at Washington city, he was introduced to Governor Hogg, of Texas. "Hallam? Hallam?" queried the Governor. "Are you the original?" "No, Governor Hogg," said Hallam. "Are you?"

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Upon one occasion when Henry Clay and Tom Corwin were both members of the United States Senate, the Kentuckian visited the room of the Ohioan to urge him to go for a certain measure, which the latter was little inclined to support. The discussion waxing rather warm, Harry of the West, rising to his full height,

brought down his fist with full force to emphasize the remark, "By ——, Tom, it must and shall be so." The blow upon the table making everything in the room rattle, and its occupant, giving his visitors one of his peculiarly quizzical looks, quietly remarked: "Look here, Mr. Clay, you may abuse me as much as you please, but I'll be hanged if I'll allow you or any other man to break my furniture."

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One day Bourke Cockran was telling a story on the floor of the House—he was standing in one of the aisles—when Mr. Pence, the Populist Congressman from Colorado, walked up and said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Cockran, I have a letter of introduction to you."

"I can do nothing for you," responded the New York Congressman. "All the messenger and page places are filled."

* * * * * *

Senator Evarts was a *bon vivant*, an inveterate diner-out and giver of most elaborate and artistic dinners himself. To a lady who expressed surprise that one of such slender frame and fragile physique could endure so many feasts with their varying viands and different wines, he replied

that it was not so much the different wines that gave him trouble as the indifferent ones.

* * * * * *

General Grant was popularly supposed to be habitually grave, reserved, and taciturn, but on occasion was very vivacious in conversation, with a keen sense of dry quiet humor.

One evening, after a stag dinner at the White House, the company assembled in the library to smoke. Talk fell upon the happiest period of life—childhood, youth, manhood, age.

Grant listened, but said nothing till asked for his opinion.

"Well," he replied after a pause, "I believe I would like to be born again," which indicated that he had found existence enjoyable all the way through.

* * * * * *

One of the last as well as one of the neatest hits made by General Butler, occurred during the famous "dead-lock" on the Civil Rights Bill. The question of adjournment was under consideration, and General Butler had stepped over to Mr. Randall's desk for a private consultation. Butler favored a Sunday session. Randall opposed.

"Bad as I am, I have some respect for God's

day," said the Democrat, "and I don't think it proper to hold a session of Congress on that day."

"Oh, pshaw," responded Butler, "don't the Bible say that it is lawful to pull your ox or ass out of a pit on the Sabbath day? You have seventy-three asses on your side of this House, and I want to see them safely out of this ditch before to-morrow."

* * * * * *

When Evarts was Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Hayes, the struggle for places in the diplomatic service was very active. As he was leaving the elevator at the close of a very busy day, he said the conveyance since noon had "taken up a very large collection for foreign missions"; and when asked what had been done, he replied, "Many called, but few chosen!"

* * * * * *

Two gentlemen, well known for quickness of wit, one a politician, the other a clergyman, were at a friend's house in the country, and on Sunday were of course, to go to church. The former said to the clergyman, "Come ride with me." But the clerical gentleman preferred to walk. A shower came on just as the carriage

overtook the clergyman, who had started first. The public functionary put his head out of the window with,

"How blessed is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,"

to which the minister immediately retorted,

"Nor stands in sinners' ways and sits
Where men profanely talk."

* * * * * *

Attorney-General Miller came from one of the old interior towns of New York. To reach the place you leave the railroad at a station, and take an ancient vehicle for a mile or two over the pike. Some time ago Attorney-General Miller visited the scene of his early manhood. As he left the train there was the "bus," looking just as he remembered it, and there was the driver, a little older, a little more stooped about the shoulders, but otherwise the same monosyllabic philosopher of the front seat. Mr. Miller climbed into the back end and sniffed his nose as he encountered the well-remembered odor of the stable. The Attorney-General reintroduced himself to old Dick, and as he was the only passenger, he opened conversation

while the "bus" rattled and bumped along the pike.

"Doesn't seem to be much change here, Dick?" suggested Mr. Miller with the rising inflection.

"Nope," replied Dick.

"You look about as you did the last time I was here," was the next thing the Attorney-General fired at the back of the old driver's head.

"Yep," said Dick caressing the flesh of the off horse with the buckskin snapper.

"Got the same old bus, haven't you?" asked Mr. Miller, looking at the holes in the seat cushions.

"The i-dentical same," answered Dick, never turning round.

"Town improved much since I left?" ventured Mr. Miller.

"Nope," was Dick's discouraging response.

"People changed any?" was the next query.

"All jes' about the same," said Dick refusing to take the lead and unbosom with the local gossip.

"I suppose you know I'm in the President's Cabinet," said Mr. Miller after a little pause, in which he decided to make one more effort to start Dick's tongue.

"So I heerd," was the laconic reply.

"What do people say about it?" was the last effort.

"Don't say nothin'—jes' laugh," said Dick.

* * * * * *

On the desk of "Private" John Allen of Mississippi, Amos J. Cummings noticed an envelope directed thus:

"Col. John M. Allen, United States Senate."

"How is it," asked he, "that you a private and a plain Representative are addressed as Colonel and a Senator?"

"Because," he answered quickly, "that fellow had sense enough to know that I ought to be both."

* * * * * *

Dr. Bartlett, of the New York Avenue Church, called on Senator McMillan at Washington once, and received from him a subscription of $500 towards the expenses connected with the forthcoming assembly of the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Bartlett bowed as well as expressed his thanks for the liberal subscription, extended his hand, and was about to turn away when the Senator remarked:

"Doctor, are you acquainted with Senator Brice, of Ohio?"

"I have not the honor," said Dr. Bartlett.

"Wait a moment then, please, and I will send for him to come out," and turning to a messenger he requested him to present his compliments to Senator Brice, and request his presence at the east door of the Senate. In a moment Senator Brice appeared and was presented to Dr. Bartlett.

"I have sent for you," remarked Senator McMillan, "for the reason that you have not only the reputation of being a liberal patron of the arts and sciences, but of education and religious institutions and objects as well. As the one hundred and fifth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church meets here in May, and that means that there will be over a thousand commissioners in attendance who are to be taken care of, they are looking for people like you to help them out. I have made a small subscription myself, and thought you would be willing to duplicate it."

"Certainly," said Senator Brice, "I will give the same. What was your subscription?"

"Five hundred dollars, was it not, Doctor?"

"That is correct," said Dr. Bartlett.

Senator Brice gave a quick look at Senator McMillan, who smiled serenely in return. Senator Brice thereupon went through his

pockets and succeeded in fishing out about $5,000 in "pin money," as he termed it and was about to hand Dr. Bartlett a $500 bill when he smiling remarked to Senator McMillan: "Don't you think we had better make this a thousand each?"

* * * * * *

Probably the *mot* of Mr. Evarts most widely flown concerns the apochryphal feat told of George Washington in "jerking" a silver dollar across the Rappahannock. Aside from the unlikelihood that the thrifty George would throw a silver dollar over the river, when a pebble would have done as well, the distance was so great that the skeptics were incredulous, and another legend seemed on the edge of being destroyed when Mr. Evarts came to its rescue with the suggestion that "a dollar went much farther in those days than now."

* * * * * *

Among the guests at a dinner to Daniel Webster in New York was Dr. Benjamin Brandreth, the inventor of a celebrated pill known by his name. Mr. Evarts united these two great men in a volunteer toast to "Daniel Webster and Benjamin Brandreth; the pillars of the Constitution."

* * * * * *

Objections had been filed with the Judiciary Committee to the confirmation of a nomination on account of the dissolute habits of the appointee.

When the case came up for consideration the chairman called for the affidavits. The clerk produced a number from the files. Consulting his docket Mr. Edmunds thought there were more, and others were found. A search disclosed another batch that had been overlooked or mislaid.

"The papers in this case," said Mr. Evarts, "appear to be more dissipated, if possible, than the candidate."

* * * * * *

Judge David Davis was an inveterate compromiser and composer of strife, which led Conkling to allude to him in debate as "the largest wholesale and retail dealer in political soothing syrup the world has ever known."

Later, in the discussion of the same measure, Davis interrupted Conkling by way of correction or anticipation, which Conkling resented by quoting two lines from one of Watts' hymns:

> "He knows the words that I would speak
> Ere from my opening lips they break."

* * * * * *

Charles Sumner had no more sense of humor than a hippopotamus, but there was something excessively humorous about his colossal self-consciousness, of which it is no paradox to say he was apparently unconscious.

His egotism was inordinately vast, though innocent in its simplicity. It was far from conceit, and led to no disparagement of his associates.

Probably Grant, whom he hated and abused, came the nearest to sizing him up when he said: "The reason Sumner doesn't believe in the Bible is because he didn't write it himself."

* * * * * *

One might suppose that all the anecdotes of Henry Clay worth repeating had been published, but a fresh one seems to have sprung into existence, which exhibits Mr. Clay's humor in so pleasant a light that we gladly reproduce it. It is told by one Sam Long, formerly well known as a clown in the "arena." He says: "I remember once we entered Lexington in procession, and it happened that Mr. Clay was driving in at the same time. I brought up the rear of the procession, riding a mule. As he was directly behind me, I turned my face to the mule's tail and sang out, 'Here we are, fellow-citizens.

Wisdom led by Folly.' The people shouted, and Mr. Clay seemed greatly amused. Next day at the circus I made him a speech in which I advised him to be President of the United States, and take me into his cabinet. That night he sent me a bottle of the finest wine I ever tasted, with his compliments, saying, 'From the poorest fool to the best clown in the United States.'"

* * * * * *

Of Ex-Governor Black, of New York, a story is going the rounds. In a lawsuit he was pitted against an undersized country lawyer. In making an address the Governor took occasion to denounce some proposition of the other side.

"It is false: false in every particular. You might as well say that twice two were five, or ——" Here he paused a second. The old man leaned forward and said in a stage whisper, "Or that black was white."

* * * * * *

Towards the end of Roscoe Conkling's career in the Senate he fell out with the newspapers, and sometimes when he arose to speak, every reporter in the press gallery closing his notebook, the whole crowd would rush noisily out

into the lobby, leaving every seat without an occupant.

He flushed at the insult, but speaking of journalism afterwards, he was moved to remark in his propitiatory way that the only people in the world authorized to use the first person plural, "we," in speaking of themselves, were "editors and men with tapeworms."

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After the Hon. Cave Johnson had served his long and brilliant career in Congress, and had retired to the quiet of private life, he once stepped into the office of his nephew, Robert Johnson, then a young lawyer of much promise, and finding the young man engaged in writing with a gold pen, had occasion to remark upon the extravagance of the rising generation.

"Why is it," said he, "that every young man now has his gold pen, while those of my day were content to use their goose-quills?"

"I suppose," replied Robert in the most innocent manner possible, "it is because there were more geese when you were a young man."

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Mr. Clay's fondness for whist was well-known. In reply to Mr. Clay's charge that Randolph was an "aristocrat," Randolph retorted with

pistol finger aimed at Mr. Clay: "If a man is known by the company he keeps, the gentleman from Kentucky is the veriest aristocrat in the House, for he spends his nights in the company of kings, queens and knaves."

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Many are the anecdotes that have been published of the late John Van Buren, but the following will be new to most readers. During his father's Presidential term, "Prince John," then a very young man, indulged in many playful performances that were not altogether a delight to the paternal heart. On one of his visits to Washington, the Prince stopped at Willard's where his father came, and, after a kindly greeting, said, "John, I had hoped you would some time prove to be a worthy representative of our family, but I fear you never will; in fact I am convinced that you will bring disgrace rather than reflect credit upon it."

"Father," said John, "you may think, because you happen to be President of the United States, that you are something more than an ordinary man, but permit me to say that you will never be known in history except as the father of John Van Buren."

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While a member of Congress, Randolph

boarded in Georgetown, and generally rode over to the Capitol, though he sometimes walked. On a keen frosty, morning, while walking across the Rock Creek bridge, he was seen by Mr. B——, who was walking on the opposite side of the bridge in the same direction. Mr. B——, having a speaking acquaintance with Randolph, crossed over to walk with him. Mr. Randolph had very long legs, and even in his ordinary gait was a very fast walker. With some difficulty Mr. B—— came up, and saluted him with "Good-morning, Mr. Randolph; you are walking fast this morning."

"Yes, sir," replied Randolph, "and I can walk still faster;" which he at once did, leaving Mr. B—— far behind to ruminate on the politeness of statesmen.

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When Theodore Roosevelt and David B. Hill, both ex-Governors of New York, come together, there is usually a little quiet fun between them. Not long ago the New York State newspaper men gave a banquet at Stanwix Hall, in Albany, and among the guests of honor were the two ex-Governors. Colonel Roosevelt came first. He wore an evening suit and his well-known brown sombrero made famous by the Rough Riders.

It was a combination costume at once original and picturesque. Among the last of the guests to arrive was Mr. Hill, who was conventionally attired, even to his silk hat.

"Ah," exclaimed Colonel Roosevelt, in his peculiar staccato manner, as he grasped Mr. Hill's hand, "now we have with us a real Albany swell. Governor Hill is the only man here to-night with a silk hat."

"I've got a slouch hat myself," returned Mr. Hill, softly, "but I left it at home. I've given up wearing it since I went out of the advertising business."

* * * * * *

Speaker Henderson and Representative Lanham of Texas, recently had a little poetical correspondence during proceedings of the House. They entered Congress together, and have long been very close personal friends. They were also for a long time members of the Judiciary Committee together. Judge Lanham had a bill that he wished to call up under unanimous consent, and had approached the Speaker two or three times regarding it. One day not long ago the House was considering bills by unanimous consent, and Judge Lanham sent the following, written on a scrap of paper to the Speaker:

"Behold a member at your door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still,
Will you treat this member ill?
"*Yours for recognition.*"

On the back of the paper on which this was written Speaker Henderson inscribed:

"My dearest L. can go to h—l.
He knows I always treat him well."

Judge Lanham was forthwith recognized by the Speaker to bring up his pet bill, but Representative Payne of New York objected after quite a long debate. Some days afterwards the Texan once more appealed for an opportunity to bring up his measure in these lines:

"To get up my little bill again
Would make me feel exceeding well.
But alas! alas! Sereno Payne
Still tells me I 'can go to h—l.'"

Speaker Henderson again returned a poetic answer to Judge Lanham's appeal. It read:

"You may think I'll tell you no;
But quick I say that you may 'go.'"

CHAPTER VIII

Mistaken Identity

SENATOR VANCE has a very good memory and seldom fails to recognize a person he has once met and observed, but one of his constituents got away with him a short time ago. The Senator was standing with several of his friends in the rotunda at the Capitol when a stranger approached and offered his hand, saying: "Why, Senator, how are you?" The hand was taken and grasped warmly. "Quite well, sir; how have you been?"

"Oh, I've been fine; never in better health, but I don't believe you remember me."

"Oh, yes, I do, perfectly. Your face is quite familiar to me. It's only your name that escapes me."

"My name's John Buckwillen."

"Sure enough, John Buckwillen. Of course," and he shook the man's hand a little more vigorously. "I don't see how I forgot it. Let me think—where was it I saw you last?"

"Well, Senator, the fact is, you never did see me but once."

"Only once—you must be mistaken."

"Oh, no, I'm not. It was at the old church on Deer Creek. You remember when you spoke there to that awful big crowd?"

"Yes, perfectly. So it was."

"I am the man who was a-sittin' upon the ladder at the back of the church. I was in my shirt-sleeves and did a good deal of the shoutin'. That was as close as I ever got to you."

* * * * * *

Senator Call of Florida cherishes a fad for horticulture. One day he made an incursion upon the Botanic Gardens, intent upon securing some official perquisites in the line of shrubbery for his house. After picking out a few choice plants, he proceeded to make an attempt upon the good graces of the custodian of plants.

Now to gain a title in fee simple to any of the treasures of the gardens is an undertaking about as hopeless as to gain access to historical manuscripts of the State Department. The Senator succeeded in making but slight headway into the confidence of the superintendent, who was full of excuses that the herbage was not in condition for moving, that the season was wrong, and various other things.

A few days afterwards in the Senate chamber Mr. Call hooked his finger into the lapel button-

hole of Mr. Hoar, who is a man of kindred tastes.

"Look here," he asked, "how do you get around that man down at the Botanic Gardens? He refuses to give me some plants that I want."

"Why, you must humor his tastes," replied the Senator from Massachusetts. "Quote Scotch poetry to him. Tell him Robbie Burns is your favorite poet. If you ever went into his den you must have noticed the busts of Scotchmen, and the Scotch books around everywhere. He is wrapped up in the old country. Quote Robbie Burns to him."

Mr. Call did it the next day. Calling at the gardens on his way to the Senate, he sought out the superintendent.

"They tell me," said the Senator, "that you and I are men of kindred tastes, that we have a literary affinity. All of my favorite authors are Scotchmen. Why, I never could tire of reading Jimmy Burns."

"Jamie Burns," repeated the superintendent with infinite disdain. "Jamie Burns. It was noo Jamie Burns, mon. It was Robbie Burns."

The Senator was not installed in the Scotchman's good graces.

* * * * * *

In 1882, David R. Paige, Democrat, ran for

Congress against Capt. A. S. McClure, Republican, in a Republican district in Ohio, which included the "Iron Wards of the city of Cleveland." A trusted lieutenant of Mr. Paige, the second night before the election, found a man who in height, form, features, and voice strongly resembled Captain McClure. He dressed this man to personate the Captain and took him into the Iron Wards, where many of the men were frequenters of saloons. A man, known among the iron workers, was hired to introduce this counterfeit in the saloons as Captain McClure. At each place visited, the simulator, after being introduced as Captain McClure, asked in spread-eagle style the voters present to vote for him, made some fulsome promises, walked up to the bar and called for two glasses of beer, which he and the master of ceremonies drank. Not a voter present was treated to a drop. The howls of derision and indignation which went up from each saloon after the departure of the pretender and his guide can be imagined. The next night David R. Paige covered the same ground, and, not to go too much into detail, the contrast was so great that Captain McClure lost enough votes in Cleveland to defeat him by a very slim majority.

* * * * * *

Major Maginnis, of Montana, bears a resemblance to General Corse, the Boston postmaster, which is so striking that the Major says himself that they are "as like as two twins." General Hawley is one of the postmaster's friends, and meeting Maginnis one day at the Capitol, he exclaimed:

"Why, how are you, Corse? When did you come in?"

The Major drew himself up and said: "My name is Maginnis, General."

General Hawley apologized profusely, and later in the day, seeing a familiar figure, marched up to it and said: "It's strange, Maginnis, that I took you for Corse."

"But I am General Corse," was the reply of the hero of Allatoona, who had just come to town on some post-office business.

General Hawley looks several times before he ventures to call anybody Corse or Maginnis nowadays.

* * * * * *

Things have changed in Washington. Twenty or thirty years ago the colored brother was no positive weight in the social or political scale. His present status is illustrated by an incident that occurred not long since at the capital: A

Western man dropped into the House of Representatives to note what was going on. Beckoning.to a well-dressed man of color who stood near him, he said, "Jim, will you show me to the barber's shop? I want to get shaved and have my boots blacked."

The "Jim" thus familiarly addressed happened to be one of the colored Representatives, who quietly replied, "Excuse me, sah, I's not a waitah, I's a membah!"

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The Hon. Benjamin Butterworth is very good in memory of names and faces, and an excellent actor when he fails to recall either. He generally gets along all right, but the other day he caught a tartar.

A fine looking gentleman rushed up to him and grasping his hand exclaimed with much warmth, "Major Butterworth, I am glad to see you. How are you, Major?"

Now, when you can't remember a man and can't speak his name and he is so familiar and friendly that you don't want him to notice your ignorance, it is customary to endeavor to cover the failure to speak his name with a profusion of greetings.

If you know him you will call him by name as you "shake" and say, "How are you?"

Otherwise you will do as Butterworth did. He said; "Why, hello; how are you? Howd'y do? Howd'y do? How are you? Well, I declare. Howd'y do? When did you come on?"

"I came on yesterday," said the gentleman, seeming to appreciate the hearty greeting of the handsome Ohioan.

"How'd you leave the boys in Ohio?" asked the Major.

"Ohio?" said the gentleman, doubtfully. "I never was in Ohio."

"Of course," replied the flurried Congressman. "My head is so full of Ohio and Ohio matters just now that I spoke the word inadvertently. Well, anything new? How's your family?"

"My family? I haven't got any family," said the stranger.

"No, of course not. I didn't mean that," said the Major, shifting about as though the floor was getting hot and beginning to look desperate. "But how are all the boys at your place, anyway?"

"I didn't think you knew anybody in my town. I live at Lynn," said the stranger, looking at the statesman suspiciously.

"Oh, certainly, of course. Oh, yes. I know

some boys in Lynn," feebly murmured the Major.

"I saw you when you came up to address the Home Market Club of Boston," said the stranger.

At last a cue was given, and a look of joyful relief, recollection, and recognition came over the Major's face like a sunburst.

"Why, of course. I knew you at once, and am mighty glad to meet you again. I never forget a face. I couldn't think for a moment just where I saw you last."

"I don't think you ever saw me before. I was in Tremont Temple when you spoke, and was in a rear seat. I am sure you could not have seen me, and that was the only time I ever saw you."

* * * * * *

Senator Platt of Connecticut is continually mistaken for ex-Senator Platt of New York.

"I suppose if I stayed in the Senate for twenty years there would still be a certain class of people who would confuse me with Tom Platt of New York," said Senator Platt just before he left Washington. "Some time last session a man addressed a letter to me asking an interview. I replied courteously and on the following day the man who was a perfect stranger

to me, called at the Senate to see me. He presented a large number of recommendations from citizens of some county in New York urging his appointment as supervisor of something. I said:

"'I think you have made a mistake. I am not the Senator you want to see.'

"'Are you Senator Platt?' he asked. I replied that I was Senator Platt. 'Well, Senator,' he said, 'all of your friends want me appointed to this place.'

"'Excuse me,' I replied. 'I don't think my friends care a continental whether you are appointed or not.' He looked surprised. 'I think,' said I continuing, 'that you mistake me for a namesake of mine who was in the Senate for about six weeks some ten years ago.'

"'Aren't you Senator Platt?' he asked.

"'I am,' said I. 'I am Senator Platt—of Connecticut.'

"He seemed very much puzzled. Suddenly a light dawned on him. 'Well, who are our senators anyhow?' he asked."

* * * * * *

In years gone by there dwelt in Washington John Guy, a character in his way, in connection with whom Colonel Forney used to tell the following anecdote.

Guy kept the National Hotel in Washington, and among his guests was General Cass, then Senator from Michigan. Guy dressed like Cass, and although not as portly, his face, including the wart, was strangely similar. One day a Western friend of the house came in, after a long ride, dusty and tired, and walking up to the office, encountered General Cass who was quietly standing there. Mistaking him for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"Well, old fellow, here I am. The last time I hung my hat up in your shanty one of your clerks sent me to the fourth story; but now I have got hold of you, I insist upon a lower room."

The General, a most dignified personage, taken aback by this startling salute, coolly replied:

"You have committed a mistake, sir. I am not Mr. Guy, I am General Cass of Michigan," and angrily turned away. The Western man was shocked at the unconscious outrage he had committed; but before he had recovered from his mortification, General Cass who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when, a second time mistaking him for Guy, he faced him and said: "Here you are at last. I have just made a devil of a mistake; I met old Cass,

and took him for you, and I am afraid the Michigander has gone off mad." What General Cass would have said may well be imagined, if the real Guy had not approached and rescued the innocent offender from the twice-assailed and twice angered statesman.

* * * * * *

When Daniel Webster was Secretary of State he paid a visit to England, and while in London the American Minister took him to call upon Lord Brougham. They found the nobleman immersed in business, and his reception of the distinguished American was exceedingly brusque, not to say indifferent. Naturally our representative was greatly mortified, and asking Webster to excuse him a moment he drew Lord Brougham aside, when the following whispered colloquy ensued:

"My Lord, do you know who Mr. Webster is—he is Secretary of State of the United States."

"Why didn't you say so?" was the reply. "I thought he was that confounded fellow who made the dictionary and turned the English language upside down."

Needless to say, the mistake was corrected, and the peer's reception of the great commoner became all that could be desired.

CHAPTER IX

"The Sage of Marshfield"

THE following characteristic and amusing anecdotes of Daniel Webster are undeniably authentic:

Some years ago Mr. Webster paid a professional visit to Northampton, Mass., one of the pleasantest inland towns in the State. His presence there was expected; and, being the political idol of a large portion of the community, preparations had been made to give him a cordial reception by eminent private citizens. The landlord, too, of the principal inn had prepared a very handsome suite of apartments for his express accommodation, and had made arrangements to have the great man occupy them.

At length Mr. Webster arrived, and stopped at the hotel in question. He was shown to his quarters, with which he expressed himself well pleased, until it was incidentally remarked, by some friend present, that "Northampton was a temperance town, and that that was a temperance house."

"Won't you ring the bell for the landlord?" asked Mr. Webster of a gentleman who stood near the bell-pull.

He rang the bell, and the landlord soon came up.

"Mr. Brewster," said Mr. Webster, "can you direct me to General L——'s house? I think I will take up my quarters with him."

The landlord, with great disappointment expressed in his face and manner, said —

"Why, Mr. Webster! I was in hopes my rooms would meet your entire approbation. We have taken great pains to have their arrangements such as should please you."

"Your rooms, Mr. Brewster, are excellent in every way,—nothing need be more so,—and I understand your table is abundantly supplied with well-cooked viands. But, Mr. Brewster, I understand that your house is conducted upon rigid temperance principles. Now sir, I am an old man; my blood is thin, and now and then I require a little stimulus. Have you any pure old brandy, Mr. Brewster?"

"I have some of the oldest and purest in Massachusetts, I think," answered the landlord.

"Well, Mr. Brewster, have the kindness to bring me up a bottle and place it on the little stand behind that door."

Mr. Brewster departed, and soon came back with the desiderated fluid, which he deposited as directed.

"Mr. Brewster," continued Mr. Webster, "have you any fine old Madeira?"

"Yes, Mr. Webster, of the oldest and best vintage."

"Do you know how to ice it properly, so that it shall be only just gratefully cool?"

The landlord answered in the affirmative, and went down to the cellar for the bottle. When he came back, he placed it beside the other bottle in a graduated cooler, and was about to retire when Mr. Webster said —

"You need be under no apprehension, Mr. Brewster, that this infraction of the temperance law of your town will be discovered. I must needs honor law, being one of its humble ministers, and would not exhibit even a justifiable evasion of its commands. No, Mr. Brewster, you leave those bottles there, where they will be unobserved, and in a short time I will put them where no human eye can see them."

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John Trout, of Sandwich, was the well-known sobriquet of the fisherman who attended amateur anglers on their excursions. John was not

remarkable for his veracity; quite otherwise when the success of his hook and line was the subject of his story.

One day he was "out" with Mr. Webster. Both were standing in the brook waiting patiently for a bite, when Mr. Webster told John in what manner he had caught a very large trout on a former occasion.

"Your Honor," said John, "that was very well for a gentleman; but once, when I was standing by that bush yonder, I took a fish that weighed two pounds."

"Ah, John, John!" interrupted Mr. Webster, "you are an amphibious animal; you lie in the water, and you lie out of it."

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Webster was once delivering an address in Faneuil Hall on the necessity for individual exertion and unflinching patriotism to avert the dangers that threatened the political party whose principles he espoused, when he perceived a terrible sway of the packed assembly, consequent on the rush of those endeavoring to enter, and noted that danger might ensue. The orator stopped short in the middle of a sentence, advanced to the edge of the platform, extended his arms in an authoritative attitude, and, in a

stentorian voice, cried out: "Let each man stand firm." The effect was instantaneous. Each man stood firm; the great heaving mass of humanity regained its equilibrium and, save the long breath of relief that filled the air, perfect stillness ensued. "That," exclaimed the great orator, "is what we call self-government!" —so apt an illustration of the principle he was expounding that the vast audience responded with deafening cheers.

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Mr. Webster had accepted the office of Secretary of State, but did not meet the new President in Washington until eight or ten days before the inauguration.

It seems that he had prepared an inaugural address for General Harrison. One day, among other arrangements, he suggested to the new President, in as delicate a way as he could, the fact that he had sketched an inaugural, knowing that General Harrison would be overwhelmed with calls and business after his election, and he himself having leisure to write. The General at once replied that it was not necessary; that he had prepared his own inaugural.

"Oh, yes," said he; "I have got all that ready."

"Will you allow me to take it home and read it to-night?" asked Mr. Webster.

"Certainly," the President replied, "and please let me take yours."

So they exchanged their documents; and the next morning, when they met, General Harrison said to Mr. Webster:

"If I should read your inaugural instead of mine, everybody would know that you wrote it, and that I did not. Now, this is the only official paper which I propose to write, for I do not intend to interfere with my secretaries; but this is a sort of acknowledgment on my part to the American people of the great honor they have conferred upon me in elevating me to this high office; and although of course, it is not so suitable as yours, still it is mine, and I propose to let the people have it just as I have written it. I must deliver my own instead of yours."

Mr. Webster was a good deal annoyed because the message was, according to his judgment and taste, so inappropriate. It entered largely into Roman history, and had a good deal to say about the States of antiquity and the Roman Proconsuls, and various matters of that kind. Indeed, the word "Proconsul" was repeated in it a great many times.

When he found that the President was bent

upon using his own inaugural, Mr. Webster said that his desire was to modify it, and to get in some things that were not there and get out some things that were there; for, as it then stood, he said it had no more to do with the affairs of the American Government and people than a chapter of the Koran. Mr. Webster suggested to General Harrison that he should like to put in some things, and General Harrison rather reluctantly consented to let him take it. Mr. Webster spent a portion of the next day in modifying the inaugural. Mrs. Seaton remarked to him, when he came home rather late that day, that he looked fatigued and worried; but he replied that he was sorry that she had waited dinner for him.

"That is of no consequence at all, Mr. Webster," she said; "but I am sorry to see you look so worried and tired. I hope nothing has gone wrong. I really hope nothing has happened."

"You would think that something had happened," he replied, "if you knew what I have done. I have killed seventeen Roman Proconsuls as dead as smelts every one of them."

CHAPTER X

"Way Down South"

THE late Senator Vance, as everybody knows —or at least, everybody who knew him personally, was very fond of telling stories. If you were to visit his native State you would never hear him referred to as Senator—to the persons who knew and loved him, and even to his enemies, he was known as Zeb Vance. In fact everybody he ever came in contact with liked to refer to him as Zeb. His friends can repeat scores of stories told him by the veteran legislator. One which was a prime favorite with him ran in this way:

Asheville, which is now the most important city in Western North Carolina, was a very small place along in the forties. It was out of the path of travel, and the only man in the vicinity who could read was a person by the name of Brown. When a post-office was established there, Brown was naturally made postmaster. His office was of course pretty much of a sinecure, as there was little or no mail.

Brown had a little general store, which was a favorite lounging place for all the men in the vicinity. On a winter day, when a crowd was gathered in the store, some one suggested that they should subscribe for a weekly paper in common, so as to be able to keep up with what was going on in the outer world. This was done, and the men assembled in the store weekly to hear Brown read the news.

Brown was very conscientious. He began at the top of the first column of the first page and read straight down through the advertisements and all, just as he came to them. This was a slow process and several lengthy sittings were necessary to complete one issue of the paper. When the spring came and the men were kept busy with their farm work they found that they couldn't spare more than a day or two out of a week for the readings.

Brown found that he was falling behind at this rate, and when the men began to stay away except when rain prevented their doing outdoor work, the papers accumulated on his hands. He adopted a plan of reading the papers in order, forming a stack of sheaving, the latest issue underneath, and taking them off the top one by one as he came to them, and his auditors were none the wiser. The stack kept growing

upon him, in spite of his best efforts, and when the Mexican war broke out there was a formidable pile to attend to. Since the neighborhood depended altogether upon these occasional readings for its news, it happened that nobody heard anything about the outbreak of the war until some months after peace had been declared.

The paper containing the first news of the fighting was listened to with a great deal of excitement, and when battle after battle was read about, the excitement became intense. The neighbors felt that there was but one thing for them to do as patriotic Americans and they did it. A military company comprising every man of fighting age within the radius of Postmaster Brown was organized. The men were armed with flintlock rifles and dressed in homespun. They marched as far as Salisbury before they were informed of the real state of things. The war had been over a year. The men marched back to Asheville, and Brown was forced to leave the town when the brave soldiers learned how they had been duped.

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A good story is told of Senator Vance, referring to a time when he was making a personal canvas for votes in a backwoods settlement

where he was entirely unacquainted. An announcement that he would speak at a crossroads settlement, consisting of a grocery store and one house, brought out about sixty men of voting age whom he found waiting for him when he rode up. He dismounted, hitched his horse, and began to crack jokes in the regulation backwoods style.

He flattered himself that he was making a rather favorable impression, but noticed that one old man with brass-bowed spectacles and an air of deep thought sat upon an empty box and drew marks in the sand with a stick, as if Vance were not worthy of any particular attention. As Vance expressed it, he thought that this old man was the bell wether of the flock, and he accordingly prepared to capture him. He sidled up to the old man, who leaned forward on his stick and asked solemnly:

"This is Mr. Vance, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," replied Vance.

"And you've come here to see my boys about voting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, afore you go on I want to ax you a question or two. What church do you belong to?"

Vance said that this question was a poser, as

he didn't really belong to any church. But it was very important for him to win the votes, so he decided to make a bluff as he knew that factional feeling ran high in the region. He squared himself and said slowly: "Well, my friend, it's a fair question, and I'll tell you all about it. You see my grandfather came from Scotland, and of course he was a Presbyterian."

He paused to note the effect, but the old man made no sign. "But my grandmother came from England, and there everybody belongs to the Episcopal Church." He stopped again, but the old man kept his eyes on the ground.

"My father was born in this country and grew up as a Methodist." Still there was no sign of approval from the old man.

Vance began to feel uncomfortable, but made one last effort. "But my mother was a Baptist, and it's my opinion that a man has got to go under water to get to heaven."

The old man got up and took Vance's hand. "You're all right," he said and turning to the crowd went on: "Boys he'll do. I thought he looked like a Baptist." Then a flask of mountain dew was passed around and Zeb received the unanimous vote of the neighborhood when election time came around.

* * * * * *

Vance once stumped the State in joint debate with Judge Settle, the Republican candidate for the Governorship. All the white Democrats turned out to hear Vance, and the colored Republicans came to hear Settle. At the conclusion of the speaking one day, Vance was told that a number of young women had expressed a desire to kiss the Democratic candidate.

He stepped down from the platform and kissed a dozen or so of the pretty young women, when he stopped long enough to turn around to his competitor and shout: "I'm kissing my girls, Settle; now you kiss yours."

* * * * * *

"Out in my state," says a Missouri Congressman, "we used to have a Governor by the name of Stewart. This was way back when I was a boy. They tell how Stewart, among others, was once entertaining the Prince of Wales, on the occasion many years ago when he visited this country. They gave a great ball in St. Louis in the Prince's honor. Stewart came down from Jefferson City to do credit to it. He and the Prince were stationed on a little platform raised for them at one side of the hall. So stationed the beauty and brilliancy, and the blue blood of St. Louis swept by them in daz-

zling review. The spectacle elevated Stewart's feelings several notches. His bosom swelled. Finally in a tremendous impulse born of glow and glory, he administered a mighty slap to the royal back, and exclaimed:

"Prince, don't you wish you were Governor of Missouri?"

* * * * * *

Senator Blackburn is a thorough Kentuckian, and has all the local pride of one born in the blue-grass section of his State. He also has the prejudice against being taken for an Indianian which seems inherent in all native-born Kentuckians. While coming to Congress, several sessions ago, he was approached in the Pullman coach by a New Yorker, who, after bowing politely to him, said:

"Is not this Senator Blackburn of Indiana?"

The Kentuckian sprang from his seat, and glaring at his interlocutor exclaimed angrily:

"No, sir, by ——. The reason I look so bad is I have been sick!"

* * * * * *

"In anti-bellum days," said an Alabama politician, "it used to be the fashion for two political aspirants for the same office to stump their district together, each one doing his best to win

the popular vote. I remember on one occasion the rival candidates in an Alabama district were men of about equal natural ability, but the educational advantages of Mr. B. had been very much better than those of Mr. C. On the day of which I am speaking Mr. B. had embellished his speech with sundry classical allusions. Among others he spoke of the devotion of Curtius to his country. Mr. C., who was one of the most eager listeners, whispered to a friend, 'Who is this fellow Curtis that he's talking about?' 'If you had read your Roman history,' was the reply, 'you would know that Curtius threw himself into the gulf in the forum for the safety of Rome.' Mr. C. was not a classical scholar, but he had wit enough to make good use of a hint. When in his speech the time came to make a telling thrust, he exclaimed, 'My friend speaks of Curtius; he threw himself into a gulf to save his country, but here is a man who would throw his country into the gulf to save himself!'"

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Some years ago, when the Greenback party held at least some strength in the West and South, one of their orators delivered an address for his party at Winfield, Putnam County, Vir-

ginia. When in the zenith of his oration he was stopped by a powerful voice among the listeners.

"Look here, sah. May I ask you a question, sah?"

"Yes, sah; you may, sah."

"Well, sah, I want to know, sah, if you are not the man, sah, that I had down har in jail, sah, for hog-stealing, sah?"

"Yes, sah, I am, sah," came the response; "but I got clar, sah."

* * * * * *

In sunshine and storm the sense of humor of Senator Vest has always been one of his excelling qualities. As a candidate before the people his speeches brimmed with quaint story and allusion. In Wayne County, Missouri, in the early seventies, when Vest was a candidate in opposition to a wealthy citizen, he summed up his claim in a few words in one of his brilliant speeches.

"The gentleman who opposes me," he said, "is a man of wealth and position. I am only a poor ragged ex-Confederate soldier. I ask for your support."

* * * * * *

One afternoon driving along a Washington street, he compared his state of health to that of a certain ancient negro.

"See here, Sam," asked the negro's friend, "what's the matter with you?"

"Don't know, boss," said the old darky, "but I think dat I am a-sufferin' wif anno domino."

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A good story is told on the late Senator Vance. He was traveling down in North Carolina, when he met an old darky one Sunday morning. He had known the old man for many years, so he took the liberty of inquiring where he was going.

"I am, sah, pedestrianin' my appointed way to de tabernacle of de Lord."

"Are you an Episcopalian?" inquired Vance.

"No, sah, I can't say dat I am an Epispokapillian."

"Maybe you are a Baptist?"

"No, sah, I can't say dat I's ever been buried wid de Lord in de waters of baptism."

"Oh, I see you are a Methodist."

"No, sah, I can't say dat I's one of does who hold to argyments of de faith of de Medodists."

"What are you, then, uncle?"

"I's a Presbyterian, Marse Zeb, just de same as you is."

"Oh nonsense, uncle, you don't mean to say

that you subscribe to all the articles of the Presbyterian faith?"

"'Deed I do, sah."

"Do you believe in the doctrine of election to be saved?"

"Yes, sah, I b'lieve in the doctrine of 'lection most firmly and un'quivactin'ly."

"Well then tell me, do you believe that I am elected to be saved?"

The old darky hesitated. There was undoubtedly a terrific struggle going on in his mind between his veracity and his desire to be polite to the Senator. Finally he compromised by saying:

"Well, I'll tell you how it is, Marse Zeb. You see I's never heard of anybody bein' 'lected to anything for what they wasn't a candidate. Has you, sah?"

* * * * * *

Among the amusing discussions during a certain Legislative session at Tallahassee, was that on a bill of Sullivan's, of Escambia, providing for the prompt slaughter of rabid dogs. The Reading Clerk had just read the title when a colored man, a representative from one of the interior counties, arose, and with great gravity and dignity said:

"Mr. Speaker, I am opposed to that bill. I am opposed to it because I don't see why rabbit dogs should be killed any quicker than any other kind of dogs. I've got a rabbit dog. He ain't much on looks, but I tell you there ain't a dog in the county can beat him."

* * * * * *

Immediately after the war, when the accession of negro recruits was considered an important feature by the Democratic party in the South, great results were looked for in Louisiana from the conversion of a smart young mulatto, who was expected to sway by his superior information and loquacity the rank and file of the darker brethren.

In his first stump speech at a political meeting he touched upon the question which was then agitating the North, as to the eligibility of the Confederate brigadier-generals for Congress.

"Now, my friends," he said, "de question is dis: is it de Christian way not to forgive dese generals what fought according ter dere principuls? A political party hez got ter be run by de same high principuls ez eny other business. Dese here 'Publicans pretends ter be Christians. All I ax is do they ac' dat part in de questions ob forgiveness? Say, fur de sake ob de argu-

ment, dat dey hez done wrong; didn't de Prodigal Son do de same? An' what did his fader do? Dat young man had been in de bar-rooms, feeding in de pigpen among de husks an' swine, yet de fader welcome him back ter his arms. Dat's jest what de 'Publican party an' de big fader up at de White House ought ter do—welcome dem back with open arms to de buzzom ob de Union, and kill fur dem de fatted calf. Dat's what dey ought ter do, my friends. Dey calls demselves Christians; let dem a'quit demselves under dat prediction."

CHAPTER XI

Benton and Douglas and Their Colleagues

THOMAS H. BENTON had a way of telling a story that the wits of to-day might be proud of, if they could beg or borrow it. Reading some of his recent stump speeches, interspersed with frequent piquant passages of humor, we were reminded of a sudden explosion of his magazine of ridicule, when, in the year 1841, the famous John Tyler Bank Bill was introduced into the United States Senate, with the protracted title of "An Act to provide for the better collection, safe-keeping, and disbursement of the public revenue, by means of a corporation to be styled the Fiscal Corporation of the United States."

Instantly on the title being read, Mr. Benton exclaimed,—

"Heavens, what a name! long as the moral law. The people will never stand it. They cannot go through all that. Corporosity! that would be a great abridgment; but still it is too long. It is five syllables; and people will not

go above two syllables, or three at most, and they often hang at one. I go for short names. The people will have them, though they spoil a good long one to make a poor short one. There was a most beautiful young lady in New Orleans some years ago, as there always has been, and still are many such. She was a Creole; that is to say, born in this country of parents from Europe. A gentleman, who was building a splendid steamboat, took it into his head to honor this beautiful young lady by connecting her name with his vessel; and he bestowed upon it, in golden letters, the captivating designation of *La Belle Creole.* The vessel was beautiful, and the name was beautiful, and the lady was beautiful; but all the beauty on earth could not save the name from the catastrophe to which all long titles are subjected. At first they called her the 'bell,'—not the French 'belle,' which signifies 'fine' or 'beautiful'; but the plain English 'bell,' defined in Scripture to be a tinkling cymbal. This was bad enough, but worse was coming. It so happens that the vernacular pronunciation of 'Creole' in the Kentucky waters is 'cre-owl'; so they began up there to call this beautiful boat the *Creowl.* But things did not stop there. It was too extravagant to employ two syllables when one

would answer as well, and be so much more economical; so the first half of the name was dropped, and the last retained; and thus *La Belle Creole*—the beautiful *Creole*—sailed up and down the Mississippi all her life by the name, style, title, and description of *The Owl.*"

Roars of laughter in the Senate followed this story, and on went Benton with two or three more; but we will repeat but one of them,—the last, and with which he concluded his remarks.

"I do not pretend to impose a name upon this bantling; that is a privilege of paternity or of sponsorship, and I stand in neither relationship to this babe. But a name of brevity—of brevity and significance—it must have; and if the fathers and sponsors do not bestow it, the people will, for a long name is abhorred and eschewed in all countries. Remember the fate of John Barebone, the canting hypocrite in Cromwell's time. He had a very good name, John Barebone; but the knave composed a long verse, like Scripture, to sanctify himself with it, and entitled himself thus: 'Praise God Barebone; for if Christ had not died for you, you would be damned Barebone.' Now this was very sanctimonious, but it was too long,—too much of a good thing; and so the people cut it *all off but* the last two words, and called the

fellow 'Damned Barebone,' and nothing else, all his life after. So let this corporosity beware; it may get itself damned before it is done with us, and Tyler, too."

* * * * * *

In the autumn of 1870 I was in St. Louis, says Oliver Dyer, and embraced the opportunity to talk with some of Benton's old neighbors. They were ready enough to talk about him, and I heard a few anecdotes that were so characteristic of him, that I seemed to hear his voice and see his imperious bearing in them. Many years before, when the Czar Nicholas was the most conspicuous personage in Europe, some one was telling how strangers knelt in his presence. On finishing the narrative the speaker said to Benton:

"I suppose, Colonel, that you would not think of kneeling to the Czar?" to which he responded, with his most imperial emphasis: "No, sir! No, sir! An American kneels only to God and woman, sir."

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In 1856 Benton was running for Governor of Missouri (he left the Senate in 1851), against an opponent named Trusten Polk. They canvassed *the State,* and on one occasion, when Benton

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stepped forward to speak, he began by saying, in a meditative style:

"T-r-u-s-t-en Polk! T-r-u-s-t-en Polk! A man that nobody trusts; a knave in politics and a hyprocrite in religion."

* * * * * *

A few years before, Benton was running for Congress in Missouri. He and his rival met several times in public debate before their constituents. On one occasion his opponent indulged in some severe remarks upon Benton's integrity, or rather lack of integrity, and insinuated charges of a defamatory character. Benton arose, walked up to him, and after looking him fiercely in the eye for a moment, shook his fist in his face, and shouted:

"You lie, sir! You lie, sir! I cram the lie down your throat, sir!"

* * * * * *

In 1815 Benton went to Missouri, then a Territory, inhabited by a fierce population, where his fights continued, with the usual result. What the result was may be inferred from a declaration he made in the Senate, after a Senator had referred to what he called "a quarrel" of Benton's. "Mr. President, sir," said the great

Missourian sternly, "the Senator is mistaken, sir. I never quarrel, sir; but I sometimes fight, and whenever I fight, sir, a funeral follows."

* * * * * *

A short time after Calhoun's death, a friend said to Benton, "I suppose, Colonel, you won't pursue Calhoun beyond the grave?" to which he replied:

"No, sir! When God Almighty lays His hand upon a man, sir, I take mine off, sir."

* * * * * *

After completing his thirty years in the Senate, or six lustrums, as it was the classical custom of the press to call it then, Benton was dropped by Missouri in consequence of his position on the slavery question in general, and the Kansas-Nebraska bill in particular. Then the people of his district sent him to the House of Representatives for a term. He was a great stickler for trifles when he chose to think them important. Among the gnats at which his sensitive swallow strained was the opinion that the third day of March, and consequently the Congressional term, ended at midnight of that day, instead of at noon on the fourth, as unbroken usage has fixed it. So on the last morning the old gentleman

made himself about as pleasantly sympathetic as the trick mule of anecdote or the bull-in-the-china-shop of tradition. To prove that Congress had ceased to exist, that consequently the House of Representatives could not possibly be in session, he sat with his hat on, talked loudly, romped about the floor, and finally refused to vote or answer to his name when the roll was called. At last the Speaker, the Hon. James L. Orr, of South Carolina, picked him up, and put an end to these legislative larks. "No, sir; no, sir; no, sir," shouted the venerable Missourian, "I will not vote. I have no right to vote. This is no House, and I am not a member of it." "Then, sir," said Speaker Orr, like a flash, with his sweetest manner, "if the gentleman is not a member of this House, the Sergeant-at-Arms will please put him out." And so this vast constitutional question settled itself.

* * * * * *

When Lord Elgin came to this country to negotiate the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada, a breakfast was given in Washington by the Consul-General of British North America. Among those present were Lord Elgin, his Secretary Laurence Oliphant, Thomas H. Benton, Caleb Cushing, Colonel Fre-

mont, Gen. Isaac I. Stevens, who was afterward killed in the battle of Chantilly; Col. William W. Snow, member of Congress from New York; Edwin Forrest, and quite a number of others.

After the guests had been invited the host came to the old lawyer white with consternation. He had invited General Cushing and Colonel Benton, and had just learned that they were deadly enemies. He feared some outbreak if they met. He asked what he should do. The old lawyer told him that he would see to it for him. He visited Colonel Benton and said:

"Colonel, you and Cushing have both been invited to breakfast with Lord Elgin. The host has just learned of the unpleasant relations existing between you. There is some fear that it might not be pleasant for you to meet, and I've come here to let you know beforehand, so that you may avoid the meeting if you so desire."

"You go and tell the host, sir, that his guests are my associates for the time being," Benton replied. "I shall treat General Cushing as a guest entertained by a mutual friend, sir, and I've no doubt he will treat me in the same manner. I assure you there will be no scene so far as I am concerned, sir, and I have no fears that there will be any disturbance on his part."

They met at the breakfast table. Colonel

Benton addressed General Cushing, tipped his glass to him and said: "General Cushing, a glass of wine with you, if you please."

They both drank, but the *entente cordiale* did not continue after they left the breakfast table. On the next day they were enemies, and they remained so as long as they lived.

CHAPTER XII

Lobby and Cloak-Room Yarns

THE cloak-rooms and lobbies of the Capitol are very often scenes of relaxation among our legislators; there the rancors of debate and the bitterness of personal feeling are laid aside, and all animosities are forgotten in the interchange of story and reminiscence. Not half of the good things told in the cloak-rooms get into print, but here are a few of the latest:

Thaddeus Stevens was championing some bill in Congress which aroused the opposition of the combined Southern members. He made a brilliant speech in favor of it and equally brilliant speeches were made on the other side, and the upshot of it was that Stevens was outvoted after a very bitter and passionate partisan debate.

Stevens was still boiling with disappointment and bitterness when Toombs of Georgia in a taunting way, asked him:

"Well how do you feel over your defeat?"

"Feel?" snapped back Stevens, "feel? I

feel like the poor man at the rich man's gate, who was licked by the dogs."

* * * * * *

"The best thing I have heard at ex-President Harrison's expense," said Samuel S. Cox, one day, "was said by a prominent Western Senator who is celebrated for his humorous way of putting things. 'Don't talk to me about Ben Harrison,' he said. 'Why, he used to bring his lunch to the Capitol every day, sit on it all morning, and then eat it cold.'"

* * * * * *

The next anecdote was related by the Hon. John C. Hutcheson, of Texas. Josiah Patterson, of Tennessee, had happened to remark in his anti-silver speech that we had come to the fork of two roads. Mr. Hutcheson said this reminded him of an old colored man he once knew. His minister had said that "broad am de road that leadeth to destruction and straight and narrow am de path that leadeth to eternal damnation."

At this the old darky jumped to his feet shouting, "Fo' God! If dat am de case den dis yer nigger takes straight to de woods."

* * * * * * *

"When any question of grave public concern is on the carpet," said Congressman Allen

one day, "it is the habit of some of the New York papers to round up anywhere from two dozen to forty reporters who never before saw Washington in their lives, dump them into a car and send them over to do interviewing. The men themselves are not to blame because they do as they are ordered; nor are they to be censured for lack of intimate personal knowledge of Senators and Representatives. On arriving in Washington they brush the dust from their clothes and make a wild rush for the Capitol. One of them was in the corridor back of the Senate chamber when our Nebraska statesman came along.

"'Are you Mr. Manderson?' he asked.

"'I am Senator Manderson,' was the somewhat formal response.

"'What State are you from?'

"The Senator gorgonized him with a stony western stare. 'Young man,' he said, 'does your paper own a Congressional Directory?'

"'Oh, I suppose so; I suppose so. What do you think about silver?'

"'I think,' he responded, as he edged towards the door and held it partly open, 'I think that it is a metal. I have no other view to express.'"

* * * * * *

A story told about Congressman William Sul-

zer, of New York, concerns the passage of the bill in the Fifty-fourth Congress creating the Industrial Labor Commission. The author of this measure was T. W. Phillips, of Pennsylvania. It passed the Senate in the closing hours of the session and was sent to President Cleveland for signature.

Mr. Cleveland was at the Capitol, as is customary at such times, and was ready to sign such bills as met his approval. Mr. Phillips, Mr. Sulzer and other gentlemen waited on him to explain any points on which he might be doubtful. When they reached the President's room they found the door locked and a grim custodian who declared that the President did not wish to be disturbed. Time was flying, the last moments of the Congress were slipping out of existence and there was no telling what Mr. Cleveland was doing behind that locked door. Mr. Sulzer came to the rescue.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "we will get into that room if we have to break in the door." After awhile it opened. Mr. Cleveland was eating a somewhat bounteous luncheon.

Mr. Sulzer struck an attitude. "Mr. President," he said, "we wish to call your attention to a bill in which every labor organization is vitally interested." He then went on, giving

the title of the bill and expatiating on its merits. After a time Mr. Phillips nudged him and whispered that time was getting short, but Mr. Sulzer was making a fine speech and would not cut it short. At last he concluded with a most eloquent peroration, whereupon Mr. Cleveland with conviction written on every line of his countenance picked up a pen and started to sign the bill. Suddenly he paused, looked at his watch and laid down the pen. "Gentlemen," he said, "I was familiar with the merits of this bill and fully intended to sign it. But I forgot myself in listening to the eloquent words of the gentleman from New York. It is now unfortunately after twelve o'clock, the Fifty-fourth Congress has expired, and I am no longer President of the United States. I have, therefore, no power to sign the bill."

But the next Congress passed the bill, and the President signed it without further forensic interruptions.

* * * * * *

Many a good story is told of Thaddeus Stevens, who led the Republicans in Congress during the civil war and reconstruction periods.

In his last days, when all saw that his life was fast drawing to a close, David Reese and John

Chauncey, two employees of the House of Representatives, used to carry him in a large arm-chair from his lodgings across the public grounds up the broad stairs of the Capitol.

"Who," he said to them one day, "will be so good to me, and bear me in their strong arms when you two mighty men are gone?"

When Stevens had taken to his bed for the last time a visitor told him he was looking well.

"Oh John," was the quick reply, "it is not my appearance, but my disappearance that troubles me."

* * * * * *

One day a member of the House of Representatives who was noted for his uncertain course on all questions, and who confessed that he never investigated a point under discussion without finding himself a neutral, asked for leave of absence.

"Mr. Speaker," said Stevens, "I do not rise to object, but to suggest that the honorable member need not ask this favor, for he can easily pair off with himself!"

* * * * * *

One anecdote always remembered in connection with Stevens illustrates his unostentatious

charity. A begger woman met him one morning as he was limping to the House.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I have just lost all the money I had in the world!"

"And how much was that?"

"Oh, sir, it was seventy-five cents."

"You don't say so," he replied putting a $5 bill in her hand. "And how wonderful it is that I should have found what you lost!"

* * * * * *

Representative Cannon of Illinois tells a good story of himself and "Sunset Cox." The New York Representative had had some things to say about a citizen of Mr. Cannon's State, and the Illinoisan wanted to defend his constituent.

"Will the gentleman from New York yield to me?" said Mr. Cannon.

"Certainly," said Mr. Cox.

"For how long?" inquired the Speaker.

"As long as the gentleman from Illinois will keep his hands in his pockets," said Mr. Cox laughingly.

Mr. Cannon accepted the terms and proceeded with his remarks. He uttered just one sentence and a half, and then his hands which had been snugly stuck into his pockets, came out and were flying through the air like a couple of windmills.

"Time's up," said Mr. Cox, who knew his man, and then Mr. Cannon sat down.

* * * * * *

Mark Hanna, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, isn't a story-teller. So he doesn't tell this story. Another man in the cloak-room told it, however. It was when Mr. Hanna was at the Republican National Convention at St. Louis. Everybody knew that McKinley was going to be nominated for the Presidency, but the important question was who would be the Vice-Presidential nominee. There were a dozen candidates, most of whose names are now forgotten. Everybody believed that whomever the McKinley strength supported would be the nominee, and everybody was anxious to know whom Mr. Hanna favored for the office. A politician in search of information met Mr. Hanna on the eve of the second day of the Convention.

"Who will be nominated?" he asked.

"McKinley, of course," replied Hanna.

"Oh, pshaw, of course, of course; but I want to know about the Vice-Presidency."

"Very well," said Mr. Hanna, "come over here in a corner away from this crowd and I'll tell you something."

The two men drew away from the others, and then Mr. Hanna whispered,

"Do you want to know the name of the next Vice-President?"

"Yes," was the eager reply.

"I am sure I don't know. I think you had better consult a clairvoyant."

* * * * * *

Michigan is one of the few States in the Union where capital punishment is forbidden by law and the people are very tenacious of the good name of the State in that respect, and although many persons in every Legislature for many years have undertaken to restore the death penalty, the proposition has always been defeated. But the question bobs up serenely with every Legislature; there is any amount of oratory and long contests in each House of the Legislature.

Some years ago an amusing thing happened while the debate on this bill was pending in the House at Lansing. Three able and loud-lunged Representatives who sat near each other on the right side of the House made successively long and vigorous speeches on the question, all in favor of the hanging bill. When the last one took his seat a young man on the extreme left of the House rose quickly and said, "Mr. Speaker,

I rise to a question of privilege." "The gentleman will state his question of privilege," said the Speaker. "Mr. Speaker," continued the young man, "I want to inquire of our friends on the other side of the House which they think is preferable to be hanged or talked to death." This statement was greeted with great applause, promptly checked, however, and turned against its author by a big voiced member who rose right back of the three offenders, and called out in a boiler-factory voice: "Well, if you're going to talk, we prefer to be hanged."

* * * * * *

"Tracey, I wish you would come inside the House a minute; I am going to make a motion," said General Sickles, while strolling about the lobby during the time a certain River and Harbor Bill was under consideration. He addressed his colleague from New York State.

"What's your motion?" inquired Mr. Tracey.

"I am going to move that the Chief of Engineers be required to make an estimate of the cost of moving some of those Western towns near the rivers out there. It's proving too expensive to run the rivers to them."

* * * * * *

"My funniest experience," said Frederick Upham Adams, Secretary of the Democrat Press Bureau, "was at the first Convention which I attended as a delegate. A. J. Jones had recently moved into the thirty-fourth ward of Chicago and was a candidate for member of the Legislature. Hardly any one in the ward knew him at the time. We held the Convention, and the word having been passed along, everybody was in favor of Jones. Nobody knew Jones, and I had been elected a delegate in order to make the nomination. I got up and made a rattling speech telling the delegates what a rattling member of the Legislature Jones would make. Nobody knew me, and while I spoke one-half of the delegates were asking, 'Who the ——— is Jones?" while the other half inquired, 'Who the ——— is Adams?' Nevertheless Jones was nominated by a vote of sixty-eight to seven."

* * * * * *

Congressman John M. Allen, of Mississippi, once went all the way to New York from the South to attend a banquet. When he took his place at the board he found himself set down for the last speech. His friends also saw the program, and like himself were annoyed by

what they thought was thoughtlessness on the part of the committee.

The Congressman listened to the long addresses, and when his turn came prefaced his remarks thus:

"Gentlemen, I was somewhat at a loss, at the opening of this feast, to understand why you had asked me to come all the way from Mississippi to speak to you and then made my address the last number of your program. Now it is all plain to me. You had to put a bright man at the last to hold the audience."

* * * * * *

William B. Preston of Virginia, was one of the earliest and most efficient partisans of General Taylor, and after the election of the latter to the Presidency, it got out that Mr. Preston was to be made Attorney-General—a position for which he was quite unfitted. Senator Archer, of Virginia, hearing the rumor, called upon the President, whereupon this dialogue occurred:

"I hear," he said, "that you think of making my friend Preston your Attorney-General."

"Yes," replied Taylor, "I do."

"Are you aware of the fact," continued the Senator, "that an Attorney-General must represent the government in the Supreme Court?"

"Of course," said Taylor.

"Do you know that he must there meet Daniel Webster and Reverdy Johnson as opposing counsel?"

"Certainly," replied Taylor. "What of that?"

"Nothing, except that they will make a fool of your Attorney-General."

Without another word, the Virginia Senator took his leave, but he had made the desired impression. Mr. Preston was made Secretary of the Navy, probably because he knew nothing about ships, and Mr. Reverdy Johnson was made Attorney-General.

* * * * * *

Some years ago Senator John A. Logan and Hon. Isaac N. Arnold were members of the Illinois Legislature. One of the measures under discussion by that body was a proposition to build a new penitentiary at Joliet near Chicago. The members from "Egypt," or Southern Illinois, opposed it, and urged the enlargement of the prison at Alton. Mr. Logan in advocating a bill favoring the latter proposition, said it was easy to understand why members from the northern part of the State favored Joliet, for the prison statistics showed that two-thirds of the convicts came from Northern Illinois.

Mr. Arnold said in reply, "What the honorable gentleman says about the proportion of convicts is true; but there is this difference between the two parts of the State; in the north we send our criminals to prison; in the south they send them to the Legislature."

Joliet got its appropriation.

CHAPTER XIII

Greeleyana

OLIVER JOHNSON relates that he once accompanied Mr. Greeley to the church of the Divine Paternity. Doctor Chapin delivered one of his sermons, while Mr. Greeley, as was usual with him, was apparently sleeping in his seat. On their return Mr. Johnson expressed regret that he should have missed such a treat. Mr. Greeley immediately repeated to him the principal substance of the discourse, not mistaking or omitting any part.

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Like others imperfectly taught, he could affect to despise what he did not know. He did not esteem the curriculum of colleges or the learning that was principally acquired. "Of all honored cattle," he said, "the most helpless in a printing-office is a college graduate."

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President Andrew D. White, of Cornell, once visited Greeley in company with a friend. "Mr. Greeley," said he, "this is Professor

———, of Yale College. He is professor of mathematics, and I now expect a conflict between you." Mr. Greeley took up the challenge. "The best educated man that I ever knew," said he, "was Abraham Lincoln; and he had no instruction in your classics or mathematics."

"Mr. Greeley," said the Professor, warmly, "Mr. Lincoln always acknowledged that he was indebted for much of his mental discipline to a volume of Euclid that came into his hands. Besides, the men who have been delighted and benefited by classical study will never be willing to give up the original languages by which their favorite literature was transmitted." "I drink a great deal of Croton water," said Mr. Greeley, in rejoinder; "but I never thought of swallowing ten or twelve rods of lead pipe on that account."

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One day a man paid him twenty dollars. "What is this for?" asked Greeley. "You lent it to me," said the other. "I promised to pay you, and now have done so." "I have lent a great deal of money," replied Mr. Greeley, "and the men all promised to pay me. You are the first one that has disappointed me."

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Another story has been told, which is both characteristic and true. Mr. Greeley delighted to expose political abuses. One day during the "fifties" an editorial article reprehended the festivities of the tea-room at the City Hall. The participants were accused of being intoxicated "with champagne and Heidsieck." Mr. Greeley reached the *Tribune* office that afternoon as usual, when Mr. C. A. Dana, his chief assistant, asked: "How, Mr. Greeley, did that blunder get into the paper?" Mr. Greeley scanned it, but to no purpose. "What is it?" he asked. Mr. Dana pointed it out, remarking that Heidsieck was only one brand of champagne, and that therefore it was improper to name it in that way. Quick as thought Mr. Greeley's eyes glanced round the editorial room. Every man there, and a bright company they were, had stopped writing to listen. It was a contrived affair. "I think," said he, "that I am the only man in this office that could possibly have made that mistake."

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"I remember once," says a recent writer, "happening to sit opposite to the sage at a writing table in the library of a club. Mr. Greeley, in his curious myopic fashion, with his eye,

his pen and his paper in the closest possible relation, had for some time been making his usual fly-tracks on a pad, when suddenly he raised his head, noticed me, and handed across the table some manuscripts with the remark: 'Read that, it is not bad.' I took the paper, looked at it directly, obliquely, and all other ways, only to find it so much cuneiform character or Norse runes. The sage noted my embarrassment, reclaimed the manuscripts, and read me a perfect gem of a short editorial which demolished some humbug or other in a masterly way. When he had finished, and I had applauded, he remarked, triumphantly: 'There, I knew I could read it when it was fresh, though to-morrow it would puzzle me. But it makes no difference, for there is a fellow in the *Tribune* office who can read my stuff, hot or cold.' "

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Mr. Jackson S. Schultz went one day to the *Tribune* office to consult Mr. Greeley on some political matter. He found the philosopher, as usual, hunched up over his desk, and oblivious of all surroundings. Mr. Schultz addressed him, when, to his dismay, Greeley whistled down the speaking-tube, gave an order, and presently the lift came up with a five dollar bill,

which, without raising his head, Greeley extended in Schultz's direction with the remark: "Go away, now. That is all I can do to-day." The fact was that Greeley's charities were so widespread and indiscriminate, that he was a prey to all the crows in town, and his first impulse when he heard his name called was that the speaker was necessarily after money.

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"When I was a young man," said Lawyer Park of Aurora, "I was a political speaker. My father was living in Waukegan during the Presidential campaign in which General Grant was the nominee of the Republican party and Horace Greeley the nominee of the 'Liberal Republicans' endorsed by the Democrats. I was on a campaign tour in Wisconsin. I had an audience that was with me in my sentiments. When I had reached the warming-up point of my speech I said that every eminent man who had lived, or was living, had uttered some words that would live forever. In proof I quoted from Cæsar's *Veni, vidi, vici* down to Grant's 'I propose to fight out on this line if it takes all summer.' Having arrayed these sayings of great men, I stood on tiptoe and asked with oratorical anguish: 'What did Greeley

ever say?' There was a hush on the heels of this inquiry that lasted until it was painful to me. As I was about to proceed, a little man with a head of fiery hair arose in a back seat in the building and answered in a shrill voice: 'Go West, you damned fool.' The audience howled and yelled and fairly rolled from their seats. I didn't finish my speech. The red-haired man who had unwittingly punctured my oratory had broken up the meeting."

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When Greeley broke with Seward and Weed, Mr. Jones told him that he would probably get the worst of the quarrel, but Greeley replied that he had not wintered and summered with them twenty years for nothing.

"And yet," said he, "I feel very much as the drover did who took a drove of hogs a long way, and disposing of them at a loss, was asked what he got out of the enterprise. He replied, 'I had the company of the hogs.'"

* * * * * *

The New York *Herald* was at one time, in a way that could, at the pleasure of its readers, be construed to be either serious or sarcastic, urging that Horace Greeley should be chosen Senator

of the United States. A visitor said to the elder James Gordon Bennett: "There is much interest in the vigorous support you are giving Mr. Greeley for the Senate." "Yes," said Mr. Bennett, "I think Greeley would be as big a fool in the Senate as anywhere else."

CHAPTER XIV

"The Man in Possession"

WHEN old Zach Taylor came into the Presidency, persons in Washington soon began to tell him there was one public servant the Government couldn't do without; they said they had come to express the hope that the old General and rather unexperienced President would permit them to inform him of it. This piece of information and advice was systematically dropped into his ear at frequent intervals. At first he paid little attention to it, but finally took note of the fact that a certain John Hobby, who for twenty odd years had held the important office of Assistant Postmaster-General, was the official the Government couldn't get along without. The communications became so frequent that one day, as the last man disappeared, old Zach broke out with this question:

"Captain Harry! Who in the devil is this man Hobby everybody is saying we can't get along without?"

The General was informed about the official.

"We must attend to the case at once. We are liable to be in trouble about him any day. We must be prepared. He is liable to die on our hands, and then the devil will be to pay! Seems to me the man who can't be spared is the one to turn out while the Government is in a condition to meet the emergency. Turn Hobby out, Captain Harry, and don't wait! We'll see whether or not he can't be spared. Attend to the business at once, Captain!"

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"If cleanliness is next to godliness," said a man who has been at the National Capital for three months in the interest of a contraption which he is sure will save the Government millions annually, "then the average Senator and Congressman must be more righteous than the common lot. I keep a little memorandum, a diary I reckon you would call it, of the lawmakers on whom I have called in three months to talk this affair of mine. As a matter of curiosity I write in the little book the results of each call. In three-fourths of the calls I have this entry:

"'Senator was in his bath.' Sometimes to vary the monotony I write, 'Senator was taking his tub.'

"Then I find an entry like this:

"'Met Senator in corridor and got an opportunity of presenting my case. He listened until I thought I had him landed. Told him the scheme would save the Government a million a year. He wanted to know why I didn't spring it. Told him I had no spring-board. That it would take $500 to get the board. Said he was just starting for a bath and asked me to see him later. Saw him later about a dozen times, on his way to take a bath every time I saw him.'"

* * * * * *

Just before a certain November election, the President called a Cabinet meeting and expressed the desire that every member be present. The hour fixed for the conference was 2 P. M. At that time every Secretary was on hand except Uncle Jerry Rusk. The President waited and waited for him before proceeding with business. Finally Mr. Rusk was seen coming up the walk, and Secretary Noble went down the steps to hurry him up.

"Well, at last," said Mr. Noble to Mr. Rusk, as the two came within speaking distance, "the tail end of the Administration comes wagging along."

"The tail end, eh?" replied Mr. Rusk, "I'm the tail end, am I? Well, sir, I'll let you

know, sir, that it takes a good tail and a big tail and a bushy tail to keep the flies off this Administration!"

* * * * * *

William H. Seward used to tell some interesting stories of his advent into politics. It amused him greatly, he used to say, to see the surprise depicted upon the faces of politicians who had heard of him, but had never seen him before. He was so slight of figure and so boyish-looking that it seemed impossible that he could be really the brilliant William H. Seward of whom they had heard so much. Mr. Seward used to say that the young man who was five feet ten or taller, and of splendid physique, had a great deal better chance to get along in politics than the little fellows, such as he was.

One day at the seashore he was introduced to a famous politician as Mr. Seward.

"Seward? You come from New York State?"

"Yes, that is my home."

"Well, I have heard of a Seward there who they say is going to make a great name for himself, and the one that the Whigs ran for Governor last year. Do you happen to know him? Perhaps he is a relative of yours?"

* * * * * *

He used to tell another story that seemed to give him great joy to repeat. When he was a member of the State Senate the first time he received a message from one of the most distinguished politicians in New York asking for an interview. Mr. Seward felt pleased to be honored thus, and arraying himself in his Sunday clothes he went to call on the distinguished man. He was received in the parlor and the politician, while courteous, was cold and distant, treating him with utmost formality. Mr. Seward said: "I thought perhaps you had some special business with me."

"No, sir, I do not think of any; in fact I supposed you were paying me a call of mere respect."

"But I received a message from you."

"I do not remember to have sent one. I am expecting this afternoon a visit from Senator Seward. Maybe my request has miscarried. I did not catch your name."

"Why, I am Senator Seward, General."

The politician arose from his seat, went towards Seward, put his hands on his shoulders, and said, "Well, Senator, you will pardon me, I know. I supposed you were a young beau who had called with a lurking desire to meet my daughter. Let me apologize by saying that

you have indeed an old head on young shoulders."

* * * * * *

Another story Seward told was of a reception he had while Governor of the State. He gave it in honor of Millard Fillmore. A great many people knew neither Seward nor Fillmore by sight. Fillmore was a splendid specimen of sturdy manhood, nearly six feet in height. He stood at Seward's left, and the difference between the men was striking. Of the throng that passed by those who were not acquainted with either Seward or Fillmore saluted Fillmore as Governor, and he turned to Seward and said: "Why do so many people mistake and call me Governor?"

"Ah," said Seward, "it is because, in the popular mind, there is an instinctive feeling that a great office should be filled by a man who is physically as great as you are, Fillmore. When people see me they think some mistake has been made, and that in some way or other a boy has been chosen Governor."

* * * * * *

There was in the office of the United States District Attorney, a young man whose business it was to attend to the wants of visitors. This

young man on the day in question was reclining in a chair with his feet cocked on a desk. He was industriously puffing a cigar. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," yelled the clerk. The door opened and two gentlemen entered.

"Well, what's wanted?" the clerk said in an insolent tone, without changing his position or removing the cigar from his mouth.

"Is Mr. McKeon in?" the elder of the two visitors inquired politely.

"No, he's out of town," replied the clerk gruffly.

"I am very sorry," the visitor went on, apparently not noticing the clerk's insolence; "for I have not seen him since we were in Congress together."

"So," muttered the clerk in a tone that plainly expressed "I don't care a continental."

"Can I leave him a line?" the visitor asked.

"Yes, you'll find pens and paper over there," answered the clerk pointing with his thumb at a dirt-begrimed table in the corner.

The visitor sat down and wrote a line on a small piece of paper, which he handed to the clerk, who glanced at it. Down came his feet with a thump on the floor. On the paper was written "Franklin Pierce."

The visitors were the President of the United States and his private secretary. When the clerk recovered from his astonishment he was alone. From that day there was a marked change in the reception of visitors in that office.

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The Hon. John W. Ward of the minute metropolis of Floreyville, Miss., is a man of jocular turn. Weary of municipal greatness he recently tendered to Governor Ames his resignation of the office of Mayor in the words following: "I hereby beg leave respectfully to tender my resignation as Mayor of Floreyville, to which office I was appointed by your high-headed predecessor, which with the infernal greediness for office so characteristic of the American people, I was green enough to accept. In thus drawing off the judicial ermine I am governed alone by the haunting fear of being inordinately rich if I continue to hold this lucrative position. Perhaps some other man and brother may be inveigled into the acceptance of this position, but your humble servant prefers to retire to the gushing serenity of private life."

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Marshall Jewell, Postmaster-General, in various ways made it apparent that he "meant

business," and did not propose to tolerate any unbusinesslike proceedings in the department under his charge. For instance, he issued an order discontinuing the rather loose practice which had obtained of allowing the department clerks to draw "advance pay" under certain circumstances. Unfortunately one of those gentlemen, who had postponed until December his usual summer vacation—which he then proposed to enjoy as his honeymoon—found the new rule likely to seriously interfere with his visions of bliss, and the chief of his bureau undertook the task of endeavoring to induce the Postmaster-General to make an exception in so peculiar and interesting a case. Governor Jewell, however, declined to grant the request. "The Post-Office Department cannot insure Mr. ———'s life," he observed, "and the Postmaster-General cannot violate his own orders; but," he added, "the young man's word must be kept and the young lady must not be disappointed, so I'll take the risk myself;" and drawing his individual check in favor of the clerk for the amount of the latter's monthly salary, he thereby cut the Gordian and rendered feasible the tying of the hymeneal knot.

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Assistant Secretary of War, George D. Mei-

klejohn, was said to do more work every day than any great merchant in the country. His virtues in this line were made known by a Congressman, who told the story of his experience:

"Say, there's a man in the Department there who does something! Just think of it, a fellow who draws a big salary and earns it—more than earns it—by hard work. Perhaps you think I am joking, but I'm not. I'm in earnest, in dead earnest! I had a life-and-death matter on hand. I half killed myself getting the papers ready. It took me a week, and, although I never work except when I have to, I can put in just as good licks as any one else when it's necessary. The papers made a big bundle, as big nearly as a tombstone, and just as interesting. I took them to the War office on Saturday, Saturday at four o'clock, and gave them to Meiklejohn. He says, 'Come in Monday morning.' I wanted to laugh, but didn't. I knew, however, I'd have to wait two or three weeks. I was so sure, I'd have bet on it, and I'm not a betting man. Monday morning I happened to be in the building on another matter. As I passed Meiklejohn's door I thought I'd go in and I did. I almost fell dead. There were my papers ready for me, signed; I could scarcely thank him, I was so dumfounded."

CHAPTER XV

Senatorial Courtesy

A STORY is told of the time when Col. Alexander McClure of Philadelphia was occupying the chair in the Legislature at Harrisburg. He was rushing bills through as fast as the titles could be read, when a member in a remote corner of the hall arose and shouted for recognition. Finally the presiding officer asked in severe tones:

"For what purpose does the gentleman rise?"

"I desire to offer an amendment to the pending bill," shouted the member.

"The gentleman is too late," promptly replied Colonel McClure, "he can offer his amendment to the next bill."

* * * * * *

Senator Palmer of Michigan was presiding in the Senate chamber one day when Sawyer was putting bills through as fast as he could say, "The ayes have it." As one bill was being put through the hopper a Senator ventured to rise

and say to the Chair that he had listened very carefully and he was sure the ayes did not have it. With perfect good nature Senator Palmer replied, "The ayes always have it when I am in the chair," and passed on to the next bill on the calendar.

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Mr. Vest of Missouri was making a speech in the Senate when first Mr. Peffer arose and began to speak, and then Mr. Sherman, all three addressing the Chair at the same time. Mr. Vest looked amazed, and after a minute's hesitation called out:

"Mr. President, Mr. President."

The President paid no attention to Mr. Vest, however, when the Missouri member changed his tactics by declaring his desire to make a parliamentary inquiry. This appeal was not lost on the President.

"The gentleman from Missouri will state it," he said, ignoring Mr. Peffer and Mr. Sherman.

"I believe I was addressing the Senate and had the floor," said Mr. Vest, "but it seems that I have no longer got it. If I can't get it any other way I rise to a parliamentary inquiry to find out how I lost it."

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If an official report of the Senate had been accurately kept, among other things the journal would have contained what follows:

Senator—Mr. President, I rise to a question of personal privilege.

The President—The Senator from Maine will proceed.

The Senator—The President is smoking and it is very offensive to the Senator from Maine unless the President has an extra cigar which will permit the Senator from Maine to be sociable.

The President summoned his page.

The President—The Chair always endeavors to treat Senators with due courtesy and now presents his compliments to the Senator from Maine.

The Senator from Maine lights his cigar, and the Senate proceeds to a discussion of legislative appropriations.

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During the course of his recent speech on the Philippines, Spooner of Wisconsin held up a paper which he said was a letter written by General Lawton some time before his death.

"Do you know it was written by him?" asked Pettigrew of South Dakota, who had previously expressed doubts of the authenticity, and had tried to cast a cloud over it.

"The Senator reminds me," said Mr. Spooner, "of a lawyer who was defending a prisoner for murder. The evidence showed that the defendant stood with a revolver when the other man approached, and fired it, and when he fired it the man fell dead. On cross-examination of a witness who saw it the counsel said to him: 'Did you see this defendant?' 'Yes.' 'Where was he?' 'Well, he stood so-and-so.' 'Did he have a revolver in his hand?' 'Yes.' 'Was it pointed at the deceased?' 'Yes.' 'How far from him was it?' 'Twelve feet.' 'Did he fire it?' 'Yes.' 'Did the deceased drop when he fired it?' 'Yes.' 'Did you go to him?' 'Yes.' 'Was he dead?' 'Yes.' 'Now, sir, I ask you to inform the jury on your oath whether you saw any bullet go out of the barrel of that revolver?'"

Amid the laughter which went round no answering word came from Pettigrew.

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Senator Butler had a bill appropriating $5,000 to build a monument on the Moore's Creek battle-field, N. C., which was an especial object of Senator Wolcott's fun.

"Can the Senator tell me the date of the battle?" he asked Mr. Butler.

"It was the first battle of the Revolution—twenty-nine days before the battle of Lexington," was the reply.

"But cannot the Senator tell me the day and the year?" persisted Mr. Wolcott.

Mr. Butler was stumped. "I can tell the Senator to-morrow," he finally remarked.

"Then," replied Mr. Wolcott, "I will let my objection stand until to-morrow, also."

A few minutes later Senator Wolcott relented, and Mr. Butler made another effort to get the appropriation agreed to. This time it was Senator Lodge who objected.

"Oh, don't object, Lodge," said Wolcott, in a stage whisper, "he'll put the date of the battle forward a year if you are jealous on account of Lexington."

But Mr. Lodge continued to object, and the monument bill remains on the calendar.

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Even in the United States Senate they occasionally enliven the tedium of legislative proceedings with a little honest hilarity. A few years ago in that body a bill for promoting the efficiency of navy Chaplains was taken up.

Senator Plumb, of Kansas, wanted to know if it would suit to equalize the pay by reducing that of army Chaplains to the navy standard.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, said: "It would not suit me so well as it would probably suit the Senator from Kansas. I have not the same desire for economy of this character. I do not want to see the praying force of this country reduced. I think it ought to be increased."

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An ex-Senator, whose "inflation" sentiments were not entirely confined to the currency, was some time since invited to speak on the subject of education at a well known college in North Carolina. He did speak for three hours without fatigue (to himself) and devoted the major part of his eloquence to the propriety of discontinuing Latin grammar in the schools, and called attention to the fact that he had never studied any grammar but the English. At the conclusion he was escorted to dinner by a very plain-spoken, common sense friend of education and the college.

"What do you think of my views as to excluding Latin grammar from the schools?" asked the orator.

"You had no need to tell your audience that you had never studied Latin grammar," was the reply.

"Why not?"

"Because they knew that if you had, you would have spoken thirty minutes instead of three hours."

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A worthy, unpretending specimen of the genus *nouveau riche* once gave a dinner party to Jesse Bledsoe, the brilliant Senator from Kentucky, and asked a number of prominent men. In the course of it the man who sat next to Mr. Bledsoe, winked significantly at him, as he helped himself liberally a second time to some dainty, and said:

"Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them, you know, Senator."

"Yes. And have you never heard that 'wise men make speeches and fools repeat them'?" replied the latter, quick as thought, disgusted with his neighbor's want of regard for the sacredness of the salt.

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Among the quaint characters who have appeared from time to time in the Senate of the United States may be mentioned Nesmith, of Oregon. Some two years after he had taken his seat he was recounting to Senator Wade his wonder upon first seeing the Capitol and especially the still greater wonder that he should have

been honored by being elected a member of so august a body.

"Well," said Senator Wade, "you have been here a couple of years; what do you think of it now?"

"Think," replied Nesmith; "why the wonder to me now is how you and so many other fellows ever managed to get here."

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When Senator Reagan was in Congress from Texas he was regarded as a "hoodoo." He had a habit of wandering aimlessly around the floors of the Senate Chamber and then sitting down without thinking in some one else's chair. The curious part of it was that whenever he sat down in a fellow Senator's seat bad luck invariably followed. When ex-Senator Eustis from Louisiana was a candidate for reelection Reagan was constantly in his chair and he was defeated. Then he sat one day in Salisbury's seat and the next week Salisbury was defeated. Finally the members began talking about it and Reagan was looked upon as a Jonah. Along in 1889 Senator Harris of Tennessee was having a hard fight for reelection. The day he started home to look after his fences he called the Texas Senator aside and said:

"See here, old man; while I am not superstitious in the least, still you'll do me a favor if you will keep out of my chair when I am away."

Reagan consented and Harris was reelected. Not long after that Reagan sat down in Ransom's place and the following day the North Carolina Senator received a telegram commanding him to come home on the very next train; that serious opposition had suddenly sprung up against him and his presence was demanded at once. Reagan had been in the habit of sitting in his (Ransom's) seat, so he called him aside and told him about it, plainly intimating that the fact that he had been using his chair caused the dissension. Reagan got mad and said something about people being "darned fools." Ransom went home and when Reagan went into the Senate Chamber the next morning he found that Ransom's chair had been moved away.

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Senator W——, of ———, built a fine residence in Washington. While the workmen under the Senator's direction, were filling up a low place in the grounds near the house, the Senator was asked by an acquaintance who was looking on, "Where will you get dirt enough to fill that hole with?"

To which the Senator replied, "When I get out of dirt I will throw in some of these diggers, and fill up with them."

One of the "diggers," whose memory no doubt went back to last election day, promptly responded with, "Yis, an' jist afore next elecshun time you'll be 'round diggin' us out agin.'"

* * * * * *

"I remember so well once when Joe Blackburn and I were on the same committee," said Senator P——. "It was during a Democratic administration and there had been a good deal of bother trying to get the Secretary of Agriculture to agree to a certain thing, and Blackburn had been sent to talk him over to the committee's plan. In fact, the whole Cabinet had been difficult to deal with. When Joe came back several of us were assembled in the committee-room, among us Senator Vest, who was sunk dejectedly into the depths of an armchair. Some one asked:

"'Well, Joe, did you succeed?'

"'Succeed?' he echoed. Then he began to tramp up and down fuming and fussing. Finally he broke out:

"'Of all the obstinate things in the shape of

a Cabinet officer I ever encountered, commend me to J. Sterling Morton! Don't you agree with me, Vest?'

"Vest roused up slowly and answered:

"'I'm sorry, Joe, but I am committed to Hoke Smith.'"

* * * * * *

That clever and brilliant genius, McDougall, who represented California in the United States Senate, was like many others of his class somewhat addicted to fiery stimulants, and unable to battle long with them without showing the effect of the struggle. Even in his most exhausted condition he was, however, brilliant at repartee; but one night, at a supper of journalists given to the late George D. Prentice, a genius of the same mould and the same unfortunate habit, he found a foeman worthy of his steel in General John Cochrane. McDougall had taken offense at some anti-slavery sentiments which had been uttered—it was in war times—and late in the evening got on his legs for the tenth time to make a reply. The spirit did not move him to utterance, however; on the contrary, it quite deprived him of the power of speech; and after an ineffectual attempt at a speech he suddenly concluded:

"Those are my sentiments, sir, and my name's McDougall."

"I beg the gentleman's pardon," said General Cochrane, springing to his feet; "but what was that last remark?"

McDougall pronounced it again; "my name's McDougall."

"There must be some error," said Cochrane, gravely. "I have known Mr. McDougall many years, and there never was a time when as late as twelve o'clock at night he knew what his name was."

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The fact that Col. Henry Wilson, United States Senator, from Massachusetts, was willing to accept the nomination of the Republican party for the Vice-Presidency brought out the following anecdote:

When the Colonel was in Boston, raising a regiment, a little fellow one day presented himself at headquarters and asked for a commission.

"Have you seen service?" asked Colonel W.

"Yes, Colonel, I was in the three months' service."

"Were you at the battle of Bull Run?"

"I was, Colonel."

Colonel Wilson has a delicate vein of humor in him; so winking at his staff, he asked,

"And did you run well?"

"I used due diligence, Colonel. I did the best I could, but I couldn't keep up with you, in that hack!"

Then there was another laugh.

CHAPTER XVI

Some Reed Anecdotes

How Tom Reed awoke one day, or rather read the newspapers one morning, to find himself famous, is pretty generally known. Eighteen words did it. Not long after having taken his seat in Congress he was making a little speech, when some member interrupted him with an annoying question. Reed answered him, then in his high nasal tones drawled out: "And now having embalmed that fly in the liquid amber of my remarks I will go on again." This shaft of wit hit the newspaporial bull's-eye, and from that time Tom Reed's name was a familiar one throughout the country.

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"Our agricultural community" is the term Mr. Reed employed to designate Farmer Wade of Missouri and Farmer Funston of Kansas. One day Reed came upon the farmer statesmen as they were discussing some disputed point with vigor. Funston was just saying:

"Well, Wade, I'll bet you a dollar."

The Missourian didn't respond to the challenge, and Mr. Reed drawled out in his Yankee twang:

"That is the way of you fellows from out West. You are great at blowing, but that is all you do. You don't bet anything but wind."

Farmer Wade pulled his fist out of his breeches pocket, opened it, and showed a big Bland dollar in the palm.

"You think we are all wind out West?" he said to Reed. "Now match this."

With true New England deliberation Mr. Reed regarded the coin for a quarter of a minute. Then he slowly produced another big dollar and laid it down. They didn't match, and Farmer Wade pocketed both.

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Reed was one of the Legislative Committee sent to inspect an insane asylum. There was a dance on the night the committee spent in the investigation, and Mr. Reed took for a partner one of the fair unfortunates to whom he was introduced. "I don't remember having seen you here before," said she; "how long have you been in the asylum?" "Oh, I only came down yesterday," said the gentleman, "as one of the

Legislative Committee." "Of course," returned the lady; "how stupid I am! However, I knew you were an inmate or a member of the Legislature the moment I looked at you. But how was I to know? It is so difficult to know which."

* * * * * *

Senatorial five-minute speeches are timed by an old-fashioned time glass. When a Senator begins his remarks the glass is turned so that the sands begin to run. When the last grain drops through the tiny opening the Vice- President's gavel descends, and the stream of eloquence is cut off short. This led Tom Reed to say, "It takes sand to run the Senate."

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Ex-Speaker Reed has been compared to an overgrown schoolboy and to Shakespeare. He objects to some other comparisons of a more recent date. Not long ago he met a Congressman under the arch of the House wing of the Capitol.

"See here," said the then Speaker in a severe tone, "this thing must stop, and stop now. I shall not stand it any longer."

"What is the matter?" the Congressman asked in some alarm.

"Oh, you ought to know very well what is the matter," was the reply. "Haven't you read the letter written to some of the Western Democracy recently by Grover Cleveland?"

"No," responded the Congressman, "I have not read it. What have I got to do with it?"

"Everything," the Speaker answered. "You and Springer have said that I have assumed the rôle of Charles I. Cleveland says that I am acting the part of Oliver Cromwell. Now, I'm as good-natured as any other man, and I can stand a great deal. I can be either Charles I or Oliver Cromwell if you like, but I'll be hanged if I'll undertake to assume both rôles at the same time. Set that down."

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The late Representative Crain of Texas had a characteristic way of gaining his point when put to it that is well illustrated by a story dating back to the famous Fifty-first Congress when Reed was making his reputation as "czar."

Col. John Willett, an old pioneer of Texas, came on to Washington during that Congress to get an appropriation for Padre Island harbor in Texas for deep water. He wanted Crain, in whose district the harbor is located, to introduce *the bill, but* the Texas member, under the im-

pression that the measure had no prospects of passing, refused to touch it. Hatch of Missouri, who had friends interested in the enterprise, consented to introduce the bill, and to the surprise of Crain got a favorable report upon it from the Rivers and Harbors Committee.

This made Crain mad. Hatch proposed as a compromise that the first whom Speaker Reed should recognize should pass the bill. One morning before prayer Crain wrote the following note to the Speaker:

DEAR CZAR:—Please recognize me this morning to pass a little water bill, that I may get out of hot water. The gentleman from Missouri (Hatch) has laid a crow's egg in Crain's nest and I want to Hatch it out this morning. Yours truly,

W. H. CRAIN.

As soon as prayer was over and the journal read and approved, a dozen members rose to their feet for recognition, but high and clear above the din and confusion rose the Speaker's voice:

"The gentleman from Texas." Crain got what he wanted.

CHAPTER XVII

Ways and Means

EX-GOVERNOR WAITE of Colorado is an original character and while he has broad theories as to national finance, he had never been able to make a personal application of these theories to the extent of accumulating much filthy lucre. The ex-governor's son-in-law is a highly respected newspaper editor and proprietor and has always been a stanch Republican in politics.

When Waite became the candidate of the Populists for Governor, his son-in-law had a hard proposition to solve. As a Republican he could not consistently vote for the Populist candidate, much less could he advocate his election editorially, but as a loyal and affectionate relative he was bound to give both his vote and voice to his father-in-law. While the struggle was going on in his mind a friend approached him and said:

"Your father-in-law is a Populist, you are a Republican. Are you going to support your father-in-law during this campaign?"

The editor pondered a moment and then replied: "As I have supported him for the last five years, I don't see any reason why I should change my course now."

* * * * * *

A gentleman, not at all wealthy, who had at one time represented in Congress, through a couple of terms, a district not far from the national capital, moved to California where in a year or so he rose to be sufficiently prominent to become a congressional subject, and he was visited by the central committee of his district to be talked to.

"We want you," said the spokesman, "to accept the nomination for Congress."

"I can't do it, gentlemen," he responded promptly.

"You must," the spokesman demanded.

"But I can't," he insisted. "I'm too poor."

"Oh, that will be all right; we've got plenty of money for the campaign."

"But that is nothing," contended the gentleman; "it's the expense in Washington. I've been there, and know about it."

"Well you didn't lose by it, and it doesn't cost any more because you come from California."

The gentleman became very earnest.

"Doesn't it?" he exclaimed in a business-like tone. "Why, my dear sirs, I used to have to send home every month about half a dozen busted office-seeker constituents, and the fare was only $3 apiece, and I could stand it, but it would cost me over $100 a head to send them out here, and I'm no millionaire; therefore, as much as I regret it, I must insist on declining."

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Holman, of Indiana, for many years waged vigilant and unrelenting war on amendments to appropriation bills, which gave him the name of the "Watchdog of the Treasury." He was very strong in his district and had an unusually long service which gave him great power and influence in the House, by his knowledge of the rules and practice.

Towards the end of his term an amendment was offered in which a near relative was much interested. The familiar "I object," was not heard and the amendment went through with his support; whereupon a member sitting near exclaimed:

"'Tis sweet to hear the honest watchdog's bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home!"

* * * * * *

The Rev. Mr. Jones met an old free silver mollusk one day in one of his walks.

"Jones," said the mollusk, "where is all that prosperity that you were going to give us?"

"Why," replied the clergyman, "it is everywhere. Labor is employed; capital is active; the railroads are overburdened; there is prosperity everywhere."

"It has not struck me yet," the mollusk observed.

"Well, you know," Jones answered, "it is pretty hard to hit nothing."

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A Western politician has announced himself as heartily in favor of Prohibition government, merely as an experiment.

"It would be worth while to try it," he says, "just to see if under its rule money could get as tight as it has been under the other parties."

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The following clever skit is entitled "Extracts from a Congressman's Conscience," and recently appeared in *Puck*. It portrays the gradual conversion,—or perversion,—of the average private citizen as revealed by his gradual shiftings of po*sition until* black seems white:

As a Private Citizen.

"Politics is rotten to the core; and the wrongs of the oppressed cry aloud to heaven. But there is no hope."

As a Possible Candidate.

"Politics is rotten to the core; but if a few men of incorruptible integrity were to be elected to office the wrongs of the oppressed might be righted."

As a Nominee.

"Politics is rotten to the core, and even the man who has the wrongs of the oppressed always at heart and upon his tongue must pay for his election."

As a Congressman-Elect.

"At last politics is less rotten by one honest man who will wage unceasing war to right the wrongs of the oppressed. But what a crimp the boys did throw into my bank-roll!"

1st Week in Congress.

"The rottenness of politics is appalling. Mentioned the wrongs of the oppressed in one of the cloak-rooms of the House to-day and noticed a smile on the faces of all the old members."

2d Week.

"I see a chance to right the wrongs of the oppressed. The notorious Universal Control Company, the new syndicate of all the Trusts, has a bill up, and what a warm wallop I am writing against it!"

3d Week.

"Great Scott! what it does cost to live in Washington! Rent alone $1,700. I see the early finish of my $5,000 per. An emissary of the Universal Control Company hinted an infamous proposition to me to-day."

4th Week.

"Politics is rotten but interesting. Wonder where all these fellows get their money. Went last night to a swell stag-dinner given by the Universal Control man. Some regular tobasco-sauce vaudeville turns between the courses. Hope my constituents won't get on."

5th Week.

"Mark, himself, has been to see me about that bill. A man really ought to look at both sides of a question and stay by the Grand Old Party *if possible*."

6th Week.

"Ye Gods! it does cost to live in Washington! I seem to be about the only lobster in my set. I don't hear any of the others worrying about money. They're all going to boost that bill, by the way. Politics is ——"

7th Week.

"I'm afraid the wrongs of the oppressed are largely imaginery. Say! what Washington life does to $5,000 a year is a sin and a shame! That Universal Control man seems to be a very nice sort of a fellow."

8th Week.

"No man can live on his Congressional salary. Wish my constituents wouldn't be so impatient. It takes time to right the wrongs of the oppressed. Am almost convinced the Universal Control Company would prove their real benefactors in the end."

9th Week.

"What ever I am, I am not cheap. Shall battle against the infamous Universal Control Company to the bitter end. The wrongs of the oppressed must be righted."

10th Week.

"Voted for the Universal Bill after all. Think it will be for the real good of the down-trodden. Set up a stable and wired my wife to come on and open her social campaign. Guess I will manage to meet the expense. Did not deliver my ringing speech against the bill, but have had it printed in the *Congressional Record* and sent a marked copy to the *Back Home Banner*. Universal Control Company composed of very nice gentlemen."

Near the Term's End.

"Politics is all right after you once learn the rules of the game. Washington is the only place of residence and living is comparatively cheap, too, considering. By the way, I must begin to get together some more of old salve about the wrongs of the oppressed. I want to come back."

* * * * * *

Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, is perhaps best known by his peroration on the question of admitting American pork into European markets.

"I hope the time will come," he said, "when the American hog with a curl of contentment in his tail and a smile of pleasure on

his face may travel untrammeled through the markets of the world."

* * * * * *

The Democrats had a clear working majority in ——— Illinois, for a number of years. But when the Fifteenth Amendment went into effect it enfranchised so many of the "culled bredren" as to make it apparent to the party leaders that unless a good many black votes could be bought up, the Republicans would carry the city election. Accordingly advances were made to the Rev. Brother ———, whose influence it was thought desirable to secure, inasmuch as he was certain to control the votes of his entire church.

He was found "open to conviction," and arrangements progressed satisfactorily until it was asked how much money would be necessary to secure his vote and influence.

With an air of offended dignity Brother ——— replied:

"Now, gemmen, as a regular awdained minister ob de Baptist Church dis ting has gone jes as far as my conscience will 'low; but, gemmen, my son will call round to see you in de mornin'."

* * * * * *

In "The domestic life of Thomas Jefferson,"

may be found an incident which reveals the first instance probably in our federal legislation where the personal comforts of statesmen have been satisfied and the expense charged to "fuel" or "stationery." They found out how to fix it in the very first session of the first Continental Congress. While that Congress was in session Delegate Harrison of Virginia, desiring to "take something" went with a friend to a certain place where supplies were furnished Congress, and ordered two glasses of brandy and water. The man in charge hesitated and replied that liquors were not included in the supplies furnished Congressmen.

"Why," said Harrison, "what is it, then, that I see the New England members come here and drink?"

"Molasses and water, which they have charged as stationery," was the reply.

"Then give me the brandy and water," said Harrison, "and charge it as fuel."

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During the sessions of the Convention called for the purpose of framing a Constitution for Colorado, the question under debate was the formation of the Legislature. Several members desired to have the body very small, in order to

save expense, and certainly laid themselves open to the charge of saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung. The debate had gone on for some time, Judge B—— somewhat tinctured with Grangerism, vigorously supporting the motion. After he had shown the terrible drain the "dear people," would suffer by having a few more members, old Judge C—— from the mountains rose slowly, and after disclaiming any intention of being personal said: "Mr. Chairman, there are some people, sir, so mean, so tenacious, that, sir, they would squeeze the eagle on an old-fashioned ten-cent piece until the claws of the proud bird stuck through on to the other side, and involuntarily scratched the face of the Goddess of Liberty."

The proposed measure was lost.

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Down South one of the treasurers of a political campaign is the joint debate between candidates. The second time John Allen was up for Congress his opponent challenged him to a discussion of finance. Allen accepted. His rival was a banker and had been in Congress himself on a former day; in fact Allen *succeeded him.* They met at an immense *mass-meeting.* The fame of the great proposed de-

bate on finance had spread, and all that part of Mississippi laid aside its labor and came around the contestants to listen. Allen's opponent led off. He started into the money question like a cow into a swamp and kept stepping higher and splashing steadily ahead in a straight line. He began back with Alexander Hamilton who smote the rock of the country's resources and streams of revenue gushed forth, and came thundering down the central aisle of the financial past, until he finally brought himself and his hearers to the very hour when he and Allen came together in that particular joint debate. When he took his seat he was cheered by a hurricane of plaudits. Then Allen arose:

"My friends," said Allen, "I will not attempt to turn page after page of the world's financial history as has our friend. I shall confine myself to a few plain statements of fact which all of you will recognize at once as true, and then I will make this meeting a proposition which is so fair, so just, so sensible, that I know none will reject it. You all recall how our friend served you in Congress as the Representative of this district. Upon his record while there I will make no comment, although I can tell by the cloud which has so suddenly fallen

on the face of this meeting that it is still green in your memories. But I will call your attention to this notable fact. Upon his return from the halls of legislation, and to private life, he at once opened a bank, and entered upon a brilliant career of lending money and shaving notes. It was then I was selected by your suffrages to appear as your representative in the councils of the nation. That was two years ago. I will not dwell on my record, for modesty forbids. I will instead let fame, with her thousand eager tongues, speak in my behalf. What I will lead you to is this most remarkable circumstance:

"The moment I came back I sought the bank of our friend and borrowed every dollar he would lend me. That shows you the wide abyss which separates my character as well as my methods from those of my opponent. Now for the proposition, and I will say in advance if it be accepted, as I feel sure will be the case, I will bow meekly to the outcome. As I have stated, our friend came back from Congress and went to lending money. I came back from Congress and began to borrow it. Now, let the district divide on those lines. Let those who *borrow* money come close about me in their *support*. I am of their tribe; bone of their

bone. Let those who loan money go to the standard of my friend. Let their votes be given him, for he belongs to them and they to him. Let these things be done," concluded Mr. Allen, "and I will accept my fate with fortitude and meekness." Allen went back to Congress.

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Concerning "back pay," an amusing incident occurred just at the close of a former session of Congress. The House generously voted to pay committee clerks for the whole of March, though the sessions only continued four days of that month. The officers charged with disbursements made up the bills promptly, and instead of letting the clerks, in the usual course, take the bills to their chairman for approval, they themselves took them around for that purpose. The officer who took the bill of the clerk of the Committee on Banking and Currency, of which the Hon. Samuel Hooper is chairman, is reported to have had the following colloquy:

Mr. Hooper. "What is this?"

Officer. "It is Mr. F——'s bill for the month of March. The House has voted to pay committee clerks for the whole month."

Mr. Hooper. "Why do you bring it to *me*?"

Officer. "We want to settle our accounts, and so are getting the bills all approved ourselves, instead of waiting for the clerks to attend to them."

Mr. Hooper (hesitatingly). "Well, I guess you may as well let my clerk bring this to me. I should like to see him. I haven't had a sight of him for about a month."

* * * * * *

The following authentic anecdote of the late Thaddeus Stevens (contributed by a prominent ex-member of Congress) contains a grain of pure Attic salt, which everybody may relish:

John F. Driggs, representing the Lake Superior mining district of Michigan, was particularly jubilant over the passage of a bill imposing a higher rate of duty on copper, in which his constituents were deeply interested, and Mr. Stevens, in his habitual vein of sarcastic humor, was "chaffing" him about it, alleging, among other things, that he had gotten his bill through by bribery. (This was an allusion to some nuggets of virgin copper, rudely moulded into the form of paper-weights, which Driggs had distributed among members with whom he was *personally* intimate as souvenirs of the mineral *wealth of his* district.)

Upon that hint of "bribery," Mr. Stevens's colleague from the Berks County district spoke up. "By the way, Mr. Stevens, Driggs gave me one of those paper-weights, and I voted for his bill. Tell me—your experience is so much greater than mine—can I take it home with me and keep it without being accused of accepting a bribe?"

"Well, yes," was the reply uttered with all the gravity of a judge pronouncing an "opinion," "you can keep it as it is, but, as you value your good name, don't have it coined into pennies."